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VOL. III.

LONDON:

THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,

30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1855.

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THE WARHAWK.

CHAPTER I.

ATHERSTONE HALL was, at the period of our story, an irregular, yet handsome, pile of building. The first stone was laid by Ralph Atherstone, a Knight, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when, a mere soldier of fortune, he accompanied Sir Henry Sidney, who was appointed Viceroy to Ireland. At that time the great Irish Chieftain, O'Neill, was in

arms against the English Government. This powerful and warlike Prince vowed that nothing short of absolute independence would satisfy him. To a herald sent by Sir Henry Sidney, he haughtily answered—

“I shall never forget the royal dignity of my ancestors. Ulster was theirs, and shall be mine. By the sword they won it, and with the sword I will keep it.”

Ralph Atherstone—a Knight of great courage and skill in arms—so distinguished himself against O'Neill at Derry, where the Governor was slain, and numbers of O'Neill's men put to the sword, that Sir Henry Sidney appointed him to a distinguished command. He followed up his success against the Irish leader, and joined his force with the chieftains of Fermanagh and Calvagh, of Tyrone.

Unable to contend against these united forces, O'Neill cast himself on the protection of the Scots who possessed settlements in Ulster. But Sir Ralph Atherstone pursued

him; and, in a pitched battle, slew him in single combat. This restored Ulster to tranquillity. Sir Ralph was created an English Baronet some short time after by Queen Elizabeth, and returned to Ireland with reinforcements and a high command.

During the period of the unfortunate Earl of Essex's command, Sir Ralph's prosperity still followed him; and when Sir Henry Sidney was again sent to Ireland as Lord Deputy, he proceeded with him against Furlogh Lynogh, the successor of O'Neill. After the submission of the latter, Sir Ralph accompanied Sir William Drury into Kerry, against the Desmond; and there conquered a large territory, which belonged to James Fitzmaurice, brother to the Earl of Desmond; and, finally, having received a grant of some of the forfeited lands of the Kerry Fitzmaurice, he built Atherstone Castle on the Kenmare river. Returning to England, he married a daughter of Lord Grey, and, a few years

after, was raised to the peerage as Lord Viscount Atherstone. His youngest son obtained the Irish property in Kerry, and from him descended the Honorable Philip Atherstone, husband of Matilda O'Connor.

Atherstone Hall, though an irregular pile, possessed considerable beauty and grandeur. Built on a gentle elevation above the river Kenmare, and facing the broad bay, misnamed Kenmare River, it commanded a most magnificent view over sea and land. On the land side towards the north, the country was thickly wooded at that period: the nearest town of any consequence was Tralee.

Its warlike builder, living in a period of perpetual strife and warfare, rendered Castle Atherstone a place of considerable strength. A broad moat encompassed three sides of the building, which had turrets and watch-towers, and drawbridge, and portcullis. But all these remains of feudal times had, in the reign of Anne, entirely vanished. The moat had be-

come guiltless of water for years, and Mrs. Atherstone's husband had formed it into a pleasant plantation. Gardens and shrubberies had usurped the place of grim defences, and various modern improvements, tastefully executed, rendered Atherstone Hall, at the period of our story, a handsome and commodious mansion.

Aleen was in raptures with the house, the view, and the delightful pleasure-gardens. Mrs. Atherstone herself was haunted by many affecting remembrances in again taking up her residence in her once most happy home. Time had softened, but not at all obliterated, the memory of him she had so tenderly loved, and so soon lost. Four years of happy, tranquil, wedded life : a mother, and no child ; and then the grave closed over the father also.

The first few weeks which she passed in her old home brought back to her mind these foregone sorrows, and a quiet and not unpleasant melancholy stole over her mind. But Aleen,

as youth generally does, looked forward with hope and joy stirring her young heart, and filling her mind with visions of happiness; she trusted that the clouds that hung over her hopes would be chased away, and a bright, clear sky succeed.

Aleen passed many an hour rambling with her maid along the pleasant banks of the river, and on to the romantic shores of the bay. Her thoughts were far off with her absent lover, recollecting a thousand little events dear to memory, for they all tended to prove the deep love and devotion Gerald felt for her.

Rambling one day along the shores of the bay with Mrs. Atherstone and a female attendant, they came to a long jutting crag that ran abruptly into the sea. The tide was then very low spring; and for the first time since their arrival, they perceived they could pass the rocks, and visit the singular caverns on the other side. As they were picking their way across the rocks, Aleen saw a small boat push

from the beach, and pull slowly out into the bay. Three persons were in it, and from the low mast, Aleen could discern a long net hanging down, as if drying.

“Had we been a little sooner, we might have got some prawns and shrimps,” said Aleen. “They were catching them in the hollows of the rocks, I dare say. I have observed a boat here fishing several times, and you have been promising me some ever since our arrival.”

“Well, in truth, Aleen love,” responded Mrs. Atherstone, “you should have had them, but our fishermen say it is early in the season. I never heard of their fishing for those little fish in this bay; they catch them, I know, up the river. But look at the singular range of caverns before us. What a number there are !”

In a few moments the ladies and their attendant had entered a spacious and deep cavern, with sides beautifully cut by nature into nu-

merous pillars. In fact, so regular and artistically were they arranged, that, for a time, it puzzled the explorers to make out whether they were not the work of human hands.

“We must defer the examination of these caverns,” said Mrs. Atherstone, “till we have two or three attendants with torches. We are already in the dark, and probably have not penetrated half way.”

“What a splendid place for smugglers!” exclaimed Aleen. “I fancy they might hide their booty here for years without fear of detection.”

“This bay was always a noted resort for such people,” observed Mrs. Atherstone; “and I remember, years ago, hearing many wild and terrible tales of the lawless smugglers of this coast. But that was during the troubled reigns of James and William.”

As Mrs. Atherstone spoke, and they were turning to retrace their steps, the loud “Hallo!”

of a man's voice was heard, and somewhat startled them. As they faced the entrance of the cave, they plainly perceived a human figure entering, and then again they heard themselves summoned to come forth, as the tide was rising. The ladies, rather alarmed, hurried out of the cave, and perceived a gentleman waiting their exit. He bowed very politely, saying—

“I have taken the liberty, madam, of summoning you forth, as perhaps you are not conscious that the way you came is now impracticable, as the spring tide rolls in over this flat with exceeding rapidity; and though no danger whatever exists, still you would be detained many hours waiting, as the ascent by the cliffs would be too dangerous for you to attempt.”

While the stranger was speaking, both ladies raised their eyes to him; and both, at the same moment, thought they had seen his face before

—but the next glance satisfied them they had not.

The stranger was a tall and very handsome man about eight and twenty, or thirty years of age. He was simply, though handsomely attired in a dark green hunting-suit; he wore a broad black belt over his shoulder, which held a shot and powder flask; and in his hand he carried a short and very handsome silver-mounted fowling-piece.

“We feel much obliged, in truth,” replied Mrs. Atherstone, “for your warning. It was extremely indiscreet of us to venture here without a guide or pilot.”

“Do not be uneasy, madam. The boat in which I came this morning to explore these caves, and to amuse myself in shooting the puffins, and parrots, and other birds which frequent the cliffs is still here. I saw you, madam, from the bay, and made bold to row ashore and warn you. The men are fishermen, and will land you the other side of the rock

You may thus, for an hour longer, continue your examination of some of the caves, which even this tide will not reach."

"I thank you, sir, for your courtesy" returned Mrs. Atherstone; "and will accept the offer of your boat at once. I do not wish to delay my return, as I live sufficiently near to visit the spot at a future and more convenient time."

The stranger bowed, and, hailing the boat, the men pulled in to a convenient range of low rocks, from which the ladies might easily step into the little craft, on the stern sheets of which the stranger ordered the men to place his boat cloak.

The water was perfectly calm; not even a light swell rolled into the bay—a thing not very usual on that wild coast. Having seated themselves, the men pulled out to avoid the sunken rocks; and Aleen, who loved to sail on the broad deep waters she so constantly had a view of from her window, enjoyed the short

transit round the rocks into the bay on the other side. Atherstone Hall was now distinctly visible, and had a noble and imposing appearance from the sea, backed by the dark woods.

“Your mansion, madam,” said the stranger, following the direction of both the ladies’ eyes, “has truly a most imposing and very picturesque appearance.”

“It stands in a very favorable position,” responded Mrs. Atherstone, “and certainly enjoys a most varied prospect over sea and land.”

“Yes,” returned the stranger, in a thoughtful tone; “it occupies the identical spot where once stood a very different edifice; and, to me, it brings back some very painful reflections on bygone times.”

Mrs. Atherstone seemed surprised, while Aleen looked up for an instant at the speaker, and caught his dark and meaning eyes steadily fixed upon her. It was but for an instant, for

he let his glance drop ; yet there was an expression in that glance, which troubled the maiden—she scarcely knew why.

“Pray may I enquire,” asked Mrs. Atherstone, with a slight manifestation of curiosity in her manner, “to whom we are indebted for our rescue from the danger either of getting wet or enduring a very tedious delay.”

“I am quite a stranger, madam,” replied the unknown, “to this county altogether. That is as far as personal acquaintance goes, though I know all about its history. I have been nearly a fortnight exploring these rocks. You will, I trust, forgive me for having mentioned that the vicinity recalled unpleasant recollections ; particularly the spot where your mansion stands ; for on that very site stood the castle of the once powerful chief of the Desmonds. This territory,” he added, with a smile, “was once my ancestors’. It was won by yours with the sword, like many other fair lands in this green Island.”

"Then probably," returned Mrs. Atherstone, somewhat surprised, "you are a Desmond?"

"No, madam, not in name; but closely connected with that family. My name is Fitzmaurice."

With a start of intense surprise, mingled with a singularly painful feeling, Alcen again gazed, but this time unshrinkingly, at the speaker.

"Fitzmaurice!" exclaimed Mrs. Atherstone, equally astonished, if not confounded, by the words of the stranger; "how is that? Are there two families of that name? Or are you a relative of the Fitzmaurices of the County Cork?"

"Relative, I cannot call myself, madam; though, probably, about two hundred years ago, the now divided families might have sprung from the same stock. My forefathers were the Kerry Fitzmaurices. Our ancestor was James Fitzmaurice, a brother of Sir John Desmond; and it was from this chieftain

(James) that Sir Ralph Atherstone won these broad lands."

Just at that moment, the boat reached a convenient landing-place. Mrs. Atherstone made no reply ; but she thought much upon the singular coincidence of her thus accidentally becoming acquainted with members of both the families of Fitzmaurice.

After stepping ashore, Mrs. Atherstone reiterated her acknowledgments of the obligation she was under to Mr. Fitzmaurice ; and though she somehow did not feel inclined to keep up an acquaintance thus made, her natural kindness of heart, and the usual hospitality of her country prevailing, she said—

"Should you prolong your stay in these parts, Mr. Fitzmaurice, I shall be happy to see you at Atherstone Hall ; and if you are fond of field sports, you are perfectly at liberty to try our woods and fields."

"You are very kind, madam," returned Mr.

Fitzmaurice; "though my stay will not be long, having to join my regiment shortly, I shall feel proud of accepting your kind and hospitable offer."

And bowing very profoundly, they parted.

"Well, Aleen," said Mrs. Atherstone to her thoughtful companion, as they entered the Park-walk, leading to the front of the mansion, "what think you of this day's adventure, and our new acquaintance? We seem doomed to fall in with the name of Fitzmaurice."

"That gentleman," replied Aleen, in a very thoughtful voice, and with her eyes fixed upon the path—"that gentleman is *not* a Fitzmaurice."

Mrs. Atherstone halted in her walk, and, with a look of extreme surprise, gazed into the thoughtful face of her niece, saying—

"What on earth, Aleen, leads you to make so strange an assertion? All that he stated

with respect to the Atherstones, and to former owners of this territory of the Desmonds and Fitzmaurices, is strictly true."

"I have nothing to say to the contrary of that," returned Aleen; and then, with a significant smile, she looked up into the face of Mrs. Atherstone. "But I will tell you," she continued, "why I said what I did, that you may not take me for a witch. When we entered the boat, Mr. Fitzmaurice, as he calls himself, laid that handsome silver-mounted gun of his on the bench for a moment while he adjusted the boat-cloak for you. I cannot say why, but my gaze happened to rest on a plate of silver, on which was engraved a crest, and, underneath, were the initial letters, 'W. G. O. G.' The next moment he turned round, as I thought hastily, and, taking up the gun, placed it in a leather case. Now, you know the broken lance is the well known crest of the O'Gradys, and the initial letters are assuredly meant for William Granville O'Grady,"

“I see it all now,” said Mrs. Atherstone, in a thoughtful manner. “My brother has planned this, or the young man wished to see his way under an assumed name, before he declared himself. Now that he has lost the title and the property of the Granvilles, it shows Ulick still imagines your heart, Aleen, may be won from its first impressions.”

“Then, indeed, my father errs most strangely. My love for Gerald will never end. But I somehow fancy my father has nothing to do with this scheme of Mr. O’Grady’s. I do not like it; there is something more in it than I can fathom. What do you intend doing, mother dear, should he come? Even before I saw his initials upon the fowling-piece, I felt a secret and unaccountable aversion.”

“Oh, my little pet,” interrupted Mrs. Atherstone, this time laughing merrily, “those secret aversions of young maidens in love are by no means unaccountable. Damsels with hearts already preoccupied, generally look

with a sort of aversion upon gentlemen who evince more than a moderate admiration of their beauty; and it was very plain to be seen that this false Fitzmaurice was wonderfully struck with you. But should he accept my invitation, I shall receive him politely, and as if we knew nothing whatever of his secret. He will very soon perceive the uselessness of following up a pursuit in which he can have no chance of success."

"I will keep out of his way at any rate," said Aleen. "Knowing who he is—for I am satisfied I am right—his presence will be painful to me."

"Well, my love, you can do so. Recollect, however, we promised your father to allow Mr. O'Grady to visit us."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Aleen, "when Mr. O'Grady comes as Mr. O'Grady, well and good. This is Mr. Fitzmaurice," she added, laughing; "so he must be content to pay his devoirs to you, dear, aunt."

“ Well, here we are,” said Mrs. Atherstone, entering the open portal of the mansion. “ We owe him, at least, the pleasure of eating our dinners at home, instead of sitting several hours on the rocks with no dinner at all—*à verq.*”

CHAPTER II.

THE reader may probably think we have totally forgotten our hero ; but we beg to assure him such is not the case. We fear we are writing a somewhat rambling kind of tale ; but, for the life and soul of us, we cannot help it now, having, unfortunately for ourselves, got our heroine in Ireland, and our hero in Italy. Now, though wishing very sincerely to bring them both into the same locality ; we are puzzled how to do so without destroying the veracity of our story. Begging, therefore,

a little longer indulgence from our readers, we return to our hero, whom we left in Turin, expecting a visit from Ulick O'Connor.

In the morning after their meeting at Mrs. Atherstone's, Ulick O'Connor was shewn by O'Regan into Gerald's apartment. O'Connor still wore his monkish garment over his undress military habit; but, on entering Gerald's room, he laid it aside, and, taking the chair offered him by the colonel, sat down, saying—

“I owe you, colonel, too great an obligation to think of any other mode of settling our difference than simple explanation. Without any feeling of anger, therefore, for the unguarded words you made use of yesterday, may I ask what induced you to say what you did?”

“Feeling the happiness of a whole life at stake,” replied Gerald, surprised at the mild tone and manner of the exiled prince, “I perhaps rashly hazarded words that had no other foundation than surmises formed in my own mind, after hearing Mrs. Atherstone's history

of herself, and how Aleen came under her protection. It struck me — pardon me, sir, if I unintentionally touch a chord painful, perhaps, now even after the lapse of years—it struck me that, passionately attached, as you declared you were, to my unfortunate mother, it was not very likely that so soon after you could have formed a second attachment, and your sister be wholly ignorant of it. Again, I was struck with the circumstances attending Mrs. Atherstone's confinement, and the birth and death of her child during her husband's absence—you were in the mansion at the time; and though Mrs. Atherstone ardently desired to see her offspring, which *she knew* was born alive—for she insists that her senses were then perfect—her wish was never gratified. These circumstances, trivial, perhaps, in themselves, nevertheless forcibly pressed upon my mind, and at once I came to the conclusion that Aleen was not your child, but the child of your sister."

Gerald paused. Never for an instant did the dark, expressive eyes of O'Connor leave the face of his companion, as he spoke. He betrayed no manner of emotion, his fine features wearing an aspect of undisturbed tranquillity.

"You have been candid, colonel, in your explanations," responded O'Connor. "I have no right to interfere with any man in thinking what he pleases ; but as you openly expressed your opinions in my presence, I considered myself in a manner called upon to request you to give me your reasons for such an assertion as you made. You have done so fairly and candidly ; at the same time I do not see that I am called upon to lay open my past life to you or any one. Therefore, I make no comment upon what you have said. A time may come for explanation, but not now. I will say, however, this much, putting aside political motives and creed, there is no man living I would prefer to bestow a daughter of mine upon than you, Colonel ; and if you will simply

promise me not to hold any communication either by letter or otherwise, with Mrs. Atherstone and her niece for the space of one year, I will undertake, on my part, should we all be living at the expiration of that time, to offer no manner of opposition to your winning the heart and hand of Aleen, should your wishes tend that way after the stipulated period shall have expired. If you hesitate, I must——”

“Nay,” hastily interrupted Colonel Granville, “I do not hesitate. I give you my sacred word to fulfil your wishes. At the same time, I trust no force——”

“You may rest satisfied,” interrupted O’Connor, with a slight shade passing over his countenance, “that Aleen shall never be forced to do anything contrary to the wishes of her heart or her feelings. I am no tyrant, colonel, though the victim of tyranny. I will say no more. But,” and he held out his hand with a kind and affectionate look and manner, “believe me, I am grateful in heart and feelings

towards you. You said I loved your mother before she became your father's wife. You are right. I loved her with a devotion and fervour not to be surpassed. You may think it strange a man should love to such excess without some hope. Alas! time has not obliterated the memory of those days; and there was a brief period when I thought my love was returned. I have never known one really happy hour from that time to this. My blighted hopes tended to make me what I was; but, enough of the past." And with a sudden effort O'Connor seemed to conquer some violent emotion; for, after a pause, he suddenly drew from within his vest a small case, held by a minute gold-chain. Touching a spring, he exclaimed, "Look, Colonel Granville, upon that face, and say, could a man that once loved those matchless features ever forget?"

Surprised and considerably moved, Gerald looked upon a beautifully executed portrait of his unfortunate mother. He knew it at once;

for a full length portrait of his parent hung in the picture-gallery in Granville Castle. Never, perhaps, did his gaze rest upon so fascinating a face. It was not alone the perfect symmetry of feature that distinguished that lovely portrait. It was the expression, so soft, so tender, beaming from the brilliant eyes, that caught at once the admiration of the beholder. Gerald no longer wondered at O'Connor's despair at losing her; but it more firmly convinced him, that his surmises, with respect to Aleen's birth, were something more than mere suspicions.

"I cannot," said O'Connor, after a long pause, and speaking in a low feeling tone of voice, "I cannot hate the son of her I loved so deeply and so truly. Though, in the frenzy of disappointment, I swore deadly hatred to him who won from me such a treasure, yet as the grave holds both, my love and my hatred are of little moment. Nevertheless, I will carry the former with me to the tomb. The

latter is forgotten. These recollections, Colonel, overpower me ; and I long to drive them away in active life. I bid you farewell with no other feeling in my heart than that of affection. Remember your promise. We know not what is in the womb of time."

Wringing the hand of Gerald Granville with much emotion and kindness of manner, O'Connor threw his monk's mantle over his stately form, and abruptly left the saloon.

For nearly an hour, the Colonel remained immersed in profound and not unpleasant thought. Rousing himself from his reverie, he rose with a cheerful and hopeful spirit. The future appeared in brighter colours ; and the lovely image of Aleen seemed to come before his mind's eye with a sweet smile of trust and hope upon her ruby lip. He felt fully convinced in his own mind that Aleen was truly Mrs. Atherstone's daughter : he also fancied he could surmise O'Connor's object in deceiving his sister with respect to her child's death.

At that period, Mrs. Atherstone declared that Ulick O'Connor was wrapt up in gloomy despondency, and completely ruled by a narrow-minded and bigoted priest. Blindly devoted to the creed of his ancestors, Ulick had probably been induced, by the idea of saving the child's soul, to persuade the mother that her infant had died. Perhaps, in after years, when firmly wedded to his own faith, he might have restored her; but it certainly was not at all likely that, being madly in love with Emmeline Granville, he should unite himself to another. All these surmises and conjectures were only to be solved by time.

"A year will soon pass," thought Gerald, "amid the stirring events now taking place in Flanders and Belgium."

Without any further delay, the young Colonel resolved to join the Duke of Marlborough. A few days previous to his interview with Ulick O'Connor, he had received letters from his old friend and comrade Arthur

Carisford, who was with his regiment at Bel-
lenghen. Preparations were being made on
both sides for the renewal of the war, which
Captain Carisford thought would be hotly con-
tested.

O'Regan received directions to prepare for
immediate departure. He intended to proceed
first to Vienna, where he expected to receive
letters from Mr. Briefless, having written to
that gentleman some time back.

After a tedious journey, Gerald reached
Vienna, and there, unexpectedly, met Prince
Eugene, from whom he received a most
friendly and gracious reception. His Highness
stated that the Duke was assembling his army
in Flanders, and that the French General, the
Duke de Vendôme, was already in the field.
Colonel Granville, therefore, hurried to his
banker's to ascertain if Mr. Briefless had for-
warded the needful, without which, we can
neither get on in peace or war. The remit-
tances had arrived some time; and there was

also a letter of recent date from Mr. Briefless, marked "most important." Gerald quickly broke the seal, and read the contents. His astonishment was indeed great when he read a full statement of the recovery of his uncle's will, and, consequently, his restoration to the title and fortune of the late Sir Hugh Granville. The worthy lawyer ended his long letter, by earnestly imploring his young friend to be contented with the laurels he had already won, and not, like a madman, allow a worthless ounce of lead to deprive him of doing some good to his fellow creatures, by spending a noble fortune amongst them.

Gerald could not but smile at his worthy old friend's epistle; and, as he was anxious to resume his journey, he sat down, on returning to his hotel, and fully answered the letter. O'Regan, when made acquainted with the news from Ireland, became bewildered with joy; and, though by no means averse to a little fighting when nothing else was to be done,

now thought, like the little lawyer, that his master had had quite enough of war, and was not a little angry and disappointed on finding he still persisted in joining the army.

“Faix, it’s too bad,” muttered O’Regan, as he packed up his master’s effects, “to be shot at for mere amusement. Honor and glory are mighty fine things, when your pocket is filled by them. But, by my conscience, it’s more honorable spending twenty thousand a year in our own dear country, than killing poor devils that never did you a pin’s-worth of harm; and, by St. Patrick, may get knocked on the head yourself.”

But impatient as he was to get home, O’Regan was forced to be satisfied with his master’s assurance, that after one more campaign, provided it pleased Providence to preserve him, he would return to Ireland.

Sir Gerald Granville joined the Duke at Lorgniers. But it is not our intention to weary our readers with the details of the great Duke’s

campagins. It will be sufficient to state that Sir Gerald gained fresh laurels at Oudenarde ; and at the battle of Rantzae, he had the good fortune to be of great service to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., who, in this attack, gallantly charged at the head of Bulac's dragoons, and had his horse shot under him. Sir Gerald raised the Prince, and remounted him on his own horse. Colonel Laschky was killed by the side of the Prince. Our hero was present at the siege of Ghent, and, with the Duke of Argyle, took possession of that citadel. Here terminated his military career.

Having received a severe wound, Gerald remained in Brussels for several months ; but, at length, became extremely anxious to return to England. Upwards of a year had now expired since he parted with O'Connor in Turin ; and, from that period, he had not received the slightest intelligence of those who were so dear to him, though he heard occasionally

from Mr. Briefless and Mr. Harmer. They, however, knew nothing of his acquaintance with Mrs. Atherstone, for Gerald strictly refrained from mentioning the name. He was now free to make any inquiries he pleased. He had heard that the attempt of the French King in favor of the Chevalier St. George, in 1715, had signally failed, and that several important captures had been made of the conspirators, among whom was the Duke of Hamilton; but the name of O'Connor did not appear.

Exceedingly anxious to gain some intelligence of Mrs. Atherstone and his beloved Aleen, our hero quitted Brussels as soon as possible, and, reaching Dover, proceeded, with but little delay, to London. On the morning after his arrival in the metropolis, he called at the mansion of Mrs. MacMahon as the most likely place to gain some intelligence of Mrs. Atherstone. But here he was disappointed, for Mrs. MacMahon was then in Ireland. He

was leaving the mansion, rather vexed, when he suddenly thought that the housekeeper might know something of one so very intimate with her mistress.

“Pray, madam,” said he, retracing his steps, and seeking a second interview with the dame, “pray can you inform me whether a lady I once saw in this house, and whom you must remember to have been on a visit here about six or seven years ago, has returned from abroad? I mean the Honorable Mrs. Atherton.”

“Oh, dear yes, sir,” replied the housekeeper. “There was no fear of my forgetting the good lady and her daughter—on their return from abroad, they resided here for a time, with my mistress, and afterwards left London for their estates in Ireland. I cannot say where they are situated, but Mrs. McMahon, who is now in Dublin, residing in —— Square, will be able to inform you.”

This intelligence greatly pleased Sir Gerald

Granville, who, thanking the old dame, returned to his hotel, and gave Dennis O'Regan the pleasing intelligence that he was to pack up and get ready for immediate departure, as he intended to proceed, without further delay, to Castle Granville.

But as the Duke of Marlborough was in town, and wished to present him to the new Sovereign of Great Britain, George the First, he was forced to delay a day or two longer ; highly pleased, however, with his presentation at court, though impatient at being detained.

At last, he set out, to the infinite joy of his impatient follower, and reached Dublin without accident or adventure, a thing not very frequent in those days.

CHAPTER III.

GRANVILLE CASTLE, the chief residence of the Granville family in Ireland, from the first period of their settling there, was of a much older date than Atherstone Hall, or Glandore Abbey. It was first built by an Irish Chieftain, named MacMurchad, so far back as the reign of the Second Richard ; but little, if any, of its original design, remained standing at the period of our story. Like Atherstone Hall, its moat, its draw-bridge, and ramparts, had all disappeared ; and a fine and substantial

mansion, with still some defences, remained standing in the midst of a noble park, close to the borders of Glandore Harbour, a beautiful and extensive sheet of water, almost landlocked. On the opposite shore, close by the entrance of the Miros river, stood Glandore Abbey, a stately building, erected by Sir Gerald's grandfather, on the site of an ancient Abbey of that name. The waters of Glandore Harbour, about a mile or more in width, separated the two mansions.

Sir Gerald Granville's reception at Castle Granville, was enthusiastic; rejoicings, illuminations, &c., succeeded each other. Numerous visitors were invited; and, for nearly a fortnight, none of the numerous retainers of the family were allowed to return to their homes, by the master of the revels, the delighted Dennis O'Regan.

Mr. Harmer was to remain at Castle Granville as domestic chaplain. He felt proud of his former pupil, and was greatly pleased at

the prospect of passing the remainder of his life in the house of Sir Gerald Granville.

In Dublin, our hero learned that Mrs. Atherstone and her supposed daughter were living in Atherstone Hall; and, as no impediment now appeared between him and Aleen, he was most anxious to set out for their residence, and only waited the departure of his guests. Never, for a moment, did Sir Gerald feel any doubt concerning Aleen's love for himself. Vanity had no share in this feeling; his faith in her arose from his knowledge of the pure and virtuous mind of the fair girl, who was dearer to him than life.

At length, the numerous guests departed; and the very next day, attended only by O'Regan, well mounted and armed—for the days of Queen Anne and George the First were not exactly the period for riding a hundred miles across the country without being prepared for contingencies—Sir Gerald Granville started for Atherstone Hall.

It was the latter end of October; and, though the morning was fine, there were appearances in the sky of rain before night. At this period, the roads through the remote parts of Ireland, were very bad, and only passable on horseback. The traffic from one town to another, was carried on by pack-horses, or low cars without wheels. The houses of the gentry were few, and, in truth, far between; and houses of entertainment were only to be found in large towns.

Sir Gerald Granville traversed nearly the same road as his uncle and O'Regan had travelled some sixteen years previously. No improvement whatever had taken place. The country was again in an extremely disturbed state. Parties, under various denominations, prowled about during the night, and many of the houses of the gentry, known to be obnoxious to the cause of the Pretender, were attacked. The attempt of the Chevalier to land in Scotland, though completely frus-

trated, caused many lawless and discontented men to assemble under the specious pretence of aiding the cause of their rightful King, but, in fact, to commit plunder and other outrage.

A bill had just passed to attain the Pretender and all his adherents. Numbers were accused who were really innocent; large parties of military patrolled the country, sometimes committing unnecessary violence upon the already sufficiently distressed peasantry. So ill defended was the sea-coast, along the southern and western shores, that smugglers flourished in open defiance of the laws and the one or two small cruisers kept occasionally off the coast. If encountered, the smugglers rarely abandoned their cargoes without a fight, and consequent loss of life.

At the period of Colonel Granville's journey, the Government had sent to cruize on the south and west coast of Ireland, a very fine and fast-sailing gun brig, with a picked crew

and a party of mariners. This vessel was under the command of Captain Cuthbert Morris, formerly of The William and Mary. The brig was stationed in Bantry Bay, with two small cutters under her orders. Captain Morris had already taken several prizes; and a determination was formed by the desperate gang of smugglers who frequented that coast to destroy the brig, her captain showing so resolute a spirit in rooting them out of their haunts.

Sir Gerald and O'Regan pursued their journey at a smart pace, intending to pass the night at Glinn, where entertainment for man and beast was to be had. The next day they could reach Atherstone Hall.

But with the best intentions in the world, we are often prevented by unforeseen events. Though the early morning was fine, the weather rapidly changed as the day advanced. Before midday, a thick, fast-drifting scud came over the hills, followed by a drizzling shower;

and, towards evening, a dense fog spread over the land, with every prospect of a regular down-pour at sun-set. The travellers were then passing a dreary tract of country, over a moor of great extent, but dimly visible in the thick fog and heavy drift then commencing.

After a time, Sir Gerald Granville stopped his horse.

“Are you sure, Dennis,” said he, strapping his military mantle tightly about him, “are you sure that we have taken the right track across this heath? I trusted to you when we came to the cross roads. Do you think you have taken the right one?”

“Upon my conscience, Colonel, I have my doubts about it,” returned Dennis, wiping the moisture from his eyes and trying to see ahead; but the view was confined to a very few yards.

“There’s no kind of mark to go by,” continued he, “I remember years ago, your

honour's uncle was puzzled on crossing this very heath."

"Well, then, I fancy," returned Sir Gerald, "we shall have a pleasant chance of wandering about here till morning; for no path is visible under our horses' feet, and we cannot see twenty yards before us. Besides, the sun is down: we shall be in the dark in half an hour."

"Be gorra, here's somebody, Sir," said Dennis. "I hear the sound of a horse's foot behind us."

As he spoke, the Colonel heard the sounds distinctly, and O'Regan gave a shout that would reach at least half a mile, lest the rider might pass them in the fog.

"Hallo! hallo! what's in the wind, neighbour?" shouted a loud, manly voice. And the moment after, horse and man were beside them.

"What's in the wind?" echoed O'Regan, turning sharply round to face the stranger.

“Faix, there’s nothing very pleasant in it; I never found water very agreeable, unless there was a trifle of whiskey mixed with it.”

“Be my sowl, you’re right, my man,” returned the stranger, eyeing the Colonel as he rode up alongside.

Sir Gerald Granville cast a glance upon the speaker, and, as well as he could judge by the fading light, he was a stout, hard-featured man, about three-and-thirty years old. He was mounted on a low, strong, wiry beast, with cropt ears and tail, apparently full of spirit. The rider wore a thick frieze coat, buttoned to the chin with an ample woollen shawl twisted round his neck, over his mouth, and touching his nose. He pulled down his covering, however, as he looked up at the Colonel, and said—

“God save ye, your honour.”

Our hero scarcely knew what to make of the stranger. To judge by his head-dress,

which consisted of a species of tarpaulin cap called, sometimes, a sou-wester, he might be a sea-faring man. Over the neck of his horse swung two kegs, united by a rope. The Colonel thought his character was rather ambiguous.

“It may be, your honor,” continued the man, “has wandered out of your track.”

“So it appears, my good fellow,” said Colonel Granville. “Perhaps you can put us on the right one. You shall be amply rewarded for your trouble.”

“Where may your lordship be going then?”

“Where I was going, when I halted here, I cannot say,” returned the Colonel; “but I intended to reach Glinn before nightfall.”

“Wheugh!” whistled the stranger. “Not to-night, your honor, with this weather; and, faix, there’s worse coming. You took the wrong road at the Cross; and, unless you go back to Sleive Allen, and then take the second

path to the right, after passing the old tower—but, faix, here's a sou-wester, and no mistake." And, as the man spoke, a violent gale, with a heavy down-fall, came sweeping over the heath,

"Well, my man, there's no use talking of going back. Where can you guide us for temporary shelter?"

"Why, then, your worship, follow me, and I'll guide you, in less than an hour, to the old Abbey of Glencross."

"Arrah, man," impatiently interrupted Dennis; who was busy minutely scanning the stranger and his kegs; "what the dickens would my master do in an old ruin, this time of night?"

"What would he be doing?" repeated the stranger; "faix, eating and drinking as good a drop of potheen as ever crossed your lips; and, by my sowl, by the look of ye, ye're not fond of water. There's oats, too, for your horses; and, though I wont promise ye feather-

beds, a cushla, ye'll have a good turf fire, and a stool to sit on; and, faix, that's better than scrambling and straying over this heath all night. So follow me, your honour. It's folly wasting time."

And striking his beast with his one spur, on he went, at a smart pace, followed by Sir Gerald and Dennis; who kept muttering to himself sundry sentences, half aloud, such as—

"I don't much like that devil-may-care kind of chap. Something of my ould acquaintance, Phelim O'Toole about him—only he's a half-score years younger. Be gorra, I'll wager it's not empty kegs he's got across his beast; nor are they filled with water. I'll have an eye on you, my boy. If he puts us into a hornet's nest, he shall pay the piper, or my name's not O'Regan."

As they followed their guide, whom they, with difficulty, kept in sight, the storm of rain and wind came on with renewed violence; driving fiercely in their faces, and rendering

the high-mettled steeds they bestrode impatient and fretful.

Their guide pushed across the heath in a different direction to the way they were previously going, and they came suddenly upon a stony, rough, bridle-road, which soon led down a steep dingle, through the middle of which ran a small rivulet, tumbling, and tossing, and roaring over the many impediments it encountered in its course. It was now so dark—what with the fall of night, and the thick mist and rain—that the Colonel was forced to hallo to his guide, in order to ascertain where he was. However, as they descended the steep dingle, they got sheltered from the rough pelting of the storm; and, getting to the bottom, they came upon a tolerable broad path, winding through the valley. Just at that moment, the not-to-be-mistaken sound of a large body of horse, in full trot, after them, reached the ears of the Colonel and his attendant. Whether

their guide heard the sound or not, they could not say ; but he very suddenly disappeared ; for though our hero halloed to him, no answer was returned.

Rather surprised, Sir Gerald Granville had scarcely time to draw on one side, before a party of armed riders, for he could hear the gingling of their accoutrements as they rapidly rode down the dingle, came right upon them. As soon as they were perceived, a sharp voice shouted out—

“Stand, in the King’s name, whoever you are ; and come forward.”

“My good sir,” said Sir Gerald, laughing at the contradictory orders he had received, “we have been standing these five minutes, on hearing your horse thundering down the pass, not wishing to be run over, which seemed not unlikely.”

“And pray, sir, who are you ?” demanded the same sharp voice ; “and what is your business at this time of night in this part of the country ?”

“You are easily answered, sir,” replied our hero. “I am Colonel Granville, at your service, and, as to my business, at present it is seeking a shelter for the night.”

“A thousand pardons, Colonel,” exclaimed the young officer of Dragoons, in a tone of great politeness. “It’s so confoundedly dark I can scarcely discern my horse’s head. We are in pursuit of a notorious gang of smugglers, who give themselves the name of ‘White Jacobins’; and we expect to entrap them at Glencross Abbey.”

“Glencross Abbey!” echoed our hero. “I was going there, under the guidance of a fellow we met; and who has disappeared.”

“Well, Colonel Granville, with your leave, we will proceed; and, if you have no objection, I will be your guide to this Abbey of Glencross. It will, at least, afford you some kind of shelter for the night; as it is not possible you can make your way back across the moor.”

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To this proposal, Sir Gerald willingly agreed, provided they could dislodge the smugglers, or Jacobites, he expected to find there.

As they rode, at an easy pace, side by side, the young dragoon officer informed Colonel Granville that his name was Reilly, and that he held a lieutenant's commission in the — Dragoons; that he had heard the Colonel's name mentioned by his commanding officer, who, with the remainder of the troop, was quartered, for the time, at Tralee.

“Have you any positive information respecting this gang or party of White Jacobites?” asked Sir Gerald. “I heard of them a few days ago, and was told that they had the audacity to attack several gentlemen's houses in the vicinity of Bantry.”

“The report, Colonel, is quite true, I am sorry to say,” responded the lieutenant. “A most daring outrage has been committed by these rascals. The mansion of a lady of rank was attacked in the night, about eight days

ago ; and the lady's daughter, a most beautiful and accomplished girl, carried off."

" Good God, sir !" exclaimed our hero, suddenly checking his horse, with a feeling of intense anxiety. " What is the name of the lady carried off?"

" Miss Atherstone, Colonel, of Atherstone Hall."

" My God ! can this be possible ?" exclaimed Sir Gerald Granville, in a voice trembling with alarm and rage. " I must at once proceed."

" Nay Colonel," interrupted the lieutenant. " Till day-light, it would be impossible for you to cross the country with my score of men ; I have traversed many miles, in every direction, in hopes of discovering where the villian carried the young lady. Captain Stanmore, who is my commanding officer at Tralee, desired me to use every exertion to gain some trace of Miss Atherstone ; and the commander of the gun-brig, at Bantry, immediately sent off two cutters to watch the

coast. The lady's mother, who is in a state of distraction, declares that the villains will carry her daughter off to the French coast. She has a suspicion, I suppose, who the rascals were set on by."

"You have given me most painful intelligence, Lieutenant Reilly," said Sir Gerald; "for the Honorable Mrs. Atherstone is a very dear friend of mine; and the loss of her daughter is a terrible blow. But when we reach this abbey, I will thank you for any particulars you may have heard of the outrage. I can, myself, surmise who may be the author of the abduction."

"Most willingly, Colonel Granville," replied the dragoon officer. "I will, also, lend you any any assistance in my power."

At that moment, one of the dragoons, who was riding a-head, halted, saying that the walls of the abbey were close by; and, as the two gentlemen rode up, they could perceive, through the deep gloom of the night, some-

thing like the outlines of a very large building.

Distracted and trembling, to think what might be the situation of his beloved Aleen—in the power of some lawless ruffian, or in the hands of the same enemy who had already proved his deadly hatred to the Granville and Fitzmaurice families, Colonel Granville paid little attention to the manner in which Lieutenant Reilly approached the abbey. He was, however, soon recalled to his recollection by a sudden volley of fire-arms from the windows of the building before them. Whether this was done to intimidate them or not, he could not say; but no one was hit.

“Draw off your men, Lieutenant,” said the Colonel, “or they will riddle you from the windows. Here is a thick belt of trees. Dismount your men—till you reconnoitre and see what you are about. Excuse my giving you advice; but it would be uselessly exposing your men to keep them on this spot.”

“I shall be delighted to be under your orders, Colonel,” said Lieutenant Reilly; dismounting the men, and placing the clump of trees between them and the building.

“There is a stronger party within the abbey than you may be aware of,” added he.

At this time the rain had ceased falling, and the gale began to abate. Suddenly, a red ball was thrown from one of the loop-holes of the old abbey. As soon as it reached the ground, it broke into a brilliant crimson flame, shewing every thing round and about the building, as distinctly as in broad day.

“Get behind the trees, men,” shouted Colonel Granville.

The next instant, a number of bright flashes burst from the loop-holes and windows of the abbey, while the branches and leaves of the trees that sheltered the men were broken and scattered by a volley of balls. Two of the men were hit, but not severely.

“Now then, my men, make a rush for the

door. We must dislodge these rascals before we can get shelter for the night," said Sir Gerald Granville.

Headed by their lieutenant, the dragoons made a rush for the great door-way of the abbey just as the red flame expired, and before those within could re-load. The door, however, was of considerable strength, and defied, for a while, their utmost efforts. During that time, not a sound was heard in the building.

"I have no doubt," observed the colonel to the lieutenant, "that these fellows have a way of escaping by the back; and you have not men enough to surround the building. I could see the back while the light lasted: it has a very lofty wall enclosing a yard."

A loud crash announced the giving way of the door; but no discharge of fire-arms took place. Some of the men were provided with torches in tin-cases. A few of these were lighted; and then they could discern a wide, delapidated hall, with an equally ruinous staircase in front; but no sign of the villains who

had fired upon them. The men, with their officer, dispersed over the old edifice to discover, if possible, the means of escape resorted to by the ruffians; while Sir Gerald, with his mind fully occupied by matters of far greater interest, entered a large chamber without a door, preceded by O'Regan holding a torch.

"This is bad news, your honour has heard," said Dennis, as he looked into his master's troubled features.' "But, please God, we will track the scoundrels yet. The gang that was here were merely smugglers. Look, sir. Be gorra, here's the very kegs the rascal that was guiding your honour into this pretty nest of raparrees had round his horse's neck. Faix, and half empty already," muttered Dennis, putting his nose to the bung-hole. "Real potheen, colonel," added he, with a knowing smile.

"There's a fire in that grate," observed Sir Gerald. "Throw some of those pieces of timber on the top of it. We want something to dry

us. And then see if you can find any provender for the horses. That fellow spoke of hay and oats. They may have taken themselves off; but if there was hay, or oats, they are here still."

"I'll hunt them out, colonel, if they are to be had. They have been eating and drinking here; for here's a piece of a ham and lashings of bread, on a large oak-table."

Just then, Lieutenant Reilly entered the room.

"The place is quite deserted, Colonel Granville," said he; "they got out at the back; and the wood in the rear is of considerable extent. I, therefore, thought it useless to attempt a pursuit in the dark. Ah! by Jove! here's food of some sort, which will be very acceptable to the men, who have found plenty of hay and straw, and a large chest of oats in an out-house; but the building itself, excepting one large room where I have quartered my

men, is totally destitute of furniture, and in a perfectly ruinous state."

"Most likely," returned Sir Gerald Granville. "They merely used the place as a rendezvous. If I remember right, Glencross Abbey is close to an inlet of the sea, navigable at high water. Perhaps the vaults under the abbey may contain tubs or other contraband articles."

"We shall make a search at day-break, colonel," responded the lieutenant. "By the way, this fire is very cheering." And the lieutenant drew a bench over, and sat down by Sir Gerald.

"I will thank you, Lieutenant Reilly," said Colonel Granville, "if you will let me know all you have heard of the abduction of Miss Atherstone. In a few hours it will be daylight; and as I do not wish to lose a moment, I shall set out as soon as the dawn appears. I hope the men are not severely hurt."

"Mere flesh-wounds, colonel," returned the

lieutenant. "I shall likewise leave at day-break ; and will now let you know all I heard of this daring abduction. It seems by the account of the servants, who were found bound and gagged, that there were nearly twenty men with white-scarfs over their shoulders, and black crape over their faces. They described the leader of the men, who were all armed with carbine and pistol, as a tall, powerful man. He was masked. They carried off both Miss Atherstone and her attendant, who slept in the same chamber. They first secured Mrs. Atherstone in her room ; for when the domestics were set free by the people who came up from the village and forced the door of her chamber, she was found dressed, and lying insensible on the floor. It appears that the family had only just retired. In fact, the mansion was broken into before the inmates had gone to bed."

"And is it possible," exclaimed Sir Gerald Granville, "that no resistance was made by

the servants—no alarm given to the tenantry in the vicinity? How did they effect an entrance? Surely in the present disturbed state of the country, some precautions must have been taken in a mansion containing not only the family, but, no doubt, much valuable property.”

“There is much mystery about the affair, Colonel Granville,” replied Lieutenant Reilly; “but the alarm spread all over the country the next day. The tenantry armed themselves, and hunted the whole vicinity for miles round. When intelligence reached Captain Stanmore at Tralee, he sent me, with these twenty troopers, to scour the country. The men who committed the outrage were said to be white Jacobites. But Mrs. Atherstone, though dreadfully ill, sent her servant with a verbal message to me, stating that the men were led by a person she knew; but declined mentioning his name; at the same time requesting me to continue searching the country, and to give infor-

mation to the captain of the gun-brig, as she greatly feared the abductors intended to take her daughter across the seas. This is all the information, colonel, I can give you. Yesterday I received private intelligence that a party of white Jacobins were to rendezvous at Glen-cross Abbey. This led to our accidental meeting. And now I am quite ready to assist you in your search for this unfortunate young lady."

"You are very kind, Lieutenant Reilly," said Colonel Granville; "and I duly appreciate your offer. But I must first proceed to Atherstone Hall, and see Mrs. Atherstone herself. I have every reason to think I know the perpetrator of this outrage."

Lieutenant Reilly easily perceived how painful the subject was to his companion; and, to change the conversation, and pass the time, for sleep was out of the question, he made some remark about the antiquity of the building they were in.

“I have heard,” returned Sir Gerald, “that this was a monastery of some note; and, in the time of Henry VIII., it had for Abbot Ignatius Kildare, one of the uncles of the unfortunate Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who were cruelly executed by orders of Henry. The Abbot, refusing to take the oath of supremacy, was seized and executed; the monks were banished, and the Abbey nearly destroyed by the outrages of the troops sent against it.”

Thus passed the night. The only refreshment they could procure was a little spirits and water. The bread, &c., they found left by the smugglers, were given to the men. Good fires, from the heaps of old timber about the place, dried their garments, and the forage found, made the horses fresh and vigorous for the next day's work.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING Lieutenant Reilly to follow up his pursuit of the gang driven out of the Abbey, Sir Gerald Granville and his attendant, with a peasant, procured in the vicinity for a guide, retraced their way through the valley, till they got upon the direct road to Bantry, which place they reached early in the day. During the ride the Colonel and Dennis O'Regan talked over the late melancholly event, and the deep distress the Honorable Mrs. Atherstone must be in at the loss of her niece. Like his

master, Dennis was firmly convinced that the O'Gradys were the perpetrators of the outrage at Atherstone Hall ; but what their object could be in such an act, it was not possible for Gerald Granville to surmise ; for he was not aware of William O'Grady's pursuit of Aleen.

“I was just thinking, sir,” suddenly remarked O'Regan, “suppose we were to search the old tower on Bear Island. It served them before as a place of refuge ; and, faix, it's not unlikely they might use it again. They can't know your honor is in this country ; and no one else would think of such a place.”

“It's not an unlikely place, Dennis,” replied our hero ; “but I differ from you with respect to their not knowing of my return. They have spies, depend on it ; and I think that fellow last night was one, and intended decoying us into the Abbey, and probably securing our persons for a time till they perfected their plans. If they were smugglers, it's rather un-

likely they would take us to their haunts. By the way, they fired from the windows. My idea is, they merely wished to intimidate the military, for the shots all struck high above our heads; and the two men hit were from glancing shots. They felt quite sure of being able to leave the Abbey long before the doors could be forced; and, as to pursuit in the night through the thick entangled wood of Mucross, would be mere folly for mounted troopers."

"Faix, your honour, begging pardon, but we were foolish to leave the Castle, and cross this country at all, without a party of your honor's retainers, well armed and mounted, with us. That villain, O'Grady, would think little of attempting to take your life. You remember the narrow escape, Colonel, you had in London. It's the same villain, be gorra! I wish I had a shot at him, any how."

"You are not far wrong, Dennis; still you must bear in mind, that this same O'Grady,

bad and villanous as his acts have been, is still the son-in-law of Sir Vrance Granville, who probably was murdered through his vile projects—but it is fearful to think of such a crime. Had he openly come forward as the husband of Sir Vrance's eldest daughter, I should, as I stated to Mr. Briefless, have been most happy to settle a handsome income on his son, as he is justly intitled to it. But all my proposals were scorned; and they sought to gain the whole inheritance by crime."

Resting their horses a couple of hours at Bantry, the Colonel, whose mind perpetually rested upon the situation of his beloved Aleen, pushed on with a mounted guide across the hills for Atherstone Hall. It was getting late when he arrived at Kenmare; therefore, leaving Dennis with the horses, at a small inn, he set out, late as it was, for the Hall, distant about a mile.

His summons for admittance was answered by two stout serving men, followed by the old

butler, who knew the Colonel at once, having been on the continent with Mrs. Atherstone.

“Oh, Sir Gerald Granville, I am rejoiced you are arrived!” exclaimed the old man; “though my mistress did not expect you could possibly be here so soon after her letter. Ah, it will quite revive her.”

“I did not get any letter, Stevens,” said the Colonel, entering a sitting-room; “but how is your good lady? This has been a terrible shock to her.”

“Nearly killed her, sir—nearly killed her,” replied the old butler, in a tone of great affection. “But, please God, Colonel, you will be able to restore Miss Atherstone to our good lady; it will kill her else. Here comes Mrs. Jenkins, whom you know; she will tell you all. I will go and see that supper and chambers are prepared.”

“Start a boy down to the village, then, Stevens, and desire him to send O'Regan up; but leave the horses there.”

“Why so Colonel? Mistress ordered everything here to be got ready for your reception: she heard of your arrival at Castle Granville, and sent a special messenger off the day before yesterday.”

“Ha, that was the day I left,” rejoined Colonel Granville.

Mrs. Jenkins entered the room, at that moment, with a countenance expressing considerable pleasure on beholding the Colonel. Mrs. Jenkins had lived with Mrs. Atherstone from the period of her marriage, and was exceedingly attached to her and Aleen.

“This is a very melancholy business, Colonel Granville,” said the dame, after addressing a few common-place observations to Sir Gerald; “but the knowledge that you have arrived, has had quite a rallying effect upon my mistress. She insists on seeing you after you have had some supper, for she has not yet retired to rest. Your faithful follower, O'Regan, will feel double interest in hunting after these

villains ; for they carried off his daughter, Jessy, with our dear young lady."

"His daughter Jessy !" exclaimed the Colonel, greatly surprised ; "how came she here, Mrs. Jenkins ?"

"In passing through Oxfordshire," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "and visiting your place there, to see Mrs. O'Regan, and tell her she left you and her husband well at Turin, Miss Aleen took such a fancy to Jessy, and she to her, that she came here with us ; and an affectionate girl she is."

"I am rejoiced, Mrs. Jenkins," said the Colonel, "that Aleen has Jessy with her."

"You will be better able to judge of the affair when you hear my mistress's account of it," rejoined Mrs. Jenkins ; "for many reasons she does not wish to make all the particulars public. But here is Stevens with your supper. By the time you have finished, my lady will be ready to receive you."

"I care little for food, my dear Mrs. Jen-

kins," returned the Colonel, "for as Aleen's situation occupies all my thoughts, I only wait to hear Mrs. Atherstone's account to commence active search after her abductors."

"Ah, God send the dear child safe from the hands of those wretches!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins; "but I hear my lady's bell. I will come for you, Colonel, when my mistress is ready to receive you. You will perceive how much this misfortune has afflicted and altered her."

In half an hour after, Sir Gerald was ushered into a saloon, where Mrs. Atherstone was reclining on a couch. Our hero was shocked to perceive the effect a few days illness and severe mental distress had produced on the fine features of Aleen's aunt. Kissing, with much emotion, the small, thin hand extended to him, the Colonel sat down beside her. Tears were in her eyes as she pressed his hand, and her voice faltered as she said—

"You cannot think, my dear friend, how

your presence revives me. I will now make a strong effort, and not give way to despair. Ah, Colonel Granville, you cannot imagine what I have suffered ! but you were right ; your surmise was correct. Aleen is my own, my own beloved child. To know this and to lose her !”

The Colonel was not surprised ; he expected this discovery. How she came to find it out now, he was curious to know. With the kindest and most soothing words, Gerald won Mrs. Atherstone, to a certain degree, from her deep grief, and led her to look forward with hope.

“ If not too great a trial,” said he, “ let me know all the particulars of this daring outrage. Such knowledge will, in a measure, guide my actions.”

“ You shall know all, my dear friend,” replied Mrs. Atherstone. “ I could not go to rest till I unburdened my mind to you.”

Mrs. Atherstone first informed Sir Gerald

of her last interview with her brother Ulick, and of his having given her a miniature. She also told him what passed at that interview, with which the reader is already acquainted. We resume her narrative from the period when she encountered the stranger, who assumed the name of Fitzmaurice.

“When Aleen,” continued Mrs. Atherstone, “discovered by the initials on the fowling-piece, that the person, under the fictitious name of Fitzmaurice, was, undoubtedly, William Granville O’Grady, I was neither much surprised nor annoyed. I had promised my brother Ulick that I would permit Mr. O’Grady to visit us, and win Aleen’s affections if he could.

“‘I do not,’ said Ulick, ‘wish or intend, to force her inclinations. She is very young. Many older, he added, bitterly, ‘have changed their minds. She may not be different from others of her sex.’

“I made no remark; but I thought that,

after all, Ulick knew little of the female heart. So I let things be as he wished, and looked forward to a visit from Mr. O'Grady. I could partly imagine that person's reason for making his appearance under an assumed name; for he might well fancy that Aleen, knowing your history, would have an invincible aversion to, if not hatred of the name of O'Grady. Under this impression, I advised Aleen not to avoid Mr. O'Grady when he visited us; for, after a few visits, he would see the inutility of persevering. At this period, I was also very uneasy concerning the fate of my brother. I heard that the attempt of the Pretender had signally failed; and that many of the leaders and others engaged in the intended insurrection had been captured and imprisoned, and were to be tried for high treason. I had no immediate means of gaining precise information; but in a short time the names of those imprisoned in Edinburgh and the Tower of London, were

made public. O'Connor was not amongst them."

"I congratulate you, my dear madam," interposed the Colonel.

"Mr. O'Grady," resumed Mrs. Atherstone, "became a frequent visitor; and though Aleen, to please me, who wished strictly to fulfil my brother's injunctions, bore the infliction patiently; still it was easy to see her utter scorn and aversion of our guest. Bitterness, and even fierceness, at times characterised his manner and looks, when he perceived Aleen's dislike to his conversation; so I determined at last to put an end to it. In fact, he had declared his love to Aleen herself. One evening, about two months after our first acquaintance, when I was sitting alone with Mr. O'Grady, Aleen having retired under the plea of indisposition, I determined to come to an explanation, and said—

"It is better, Mr. Fitzmaurice, that we

should thoroughly understand each other, and not carry on this deception any longer.'

"My visitor turned round abruptly, and, with a surprised expression of countenance, said—

" 'What can you mean, madam?'

" 'Simply,' I replied, 'that although I received you into my house as Mr. Fitzmaurice, I am well aware that your name is O'Grady.'

"He started up; his face flushed, and his dark eyes actually flashed with anger.

"Who, madam, has dared to insinuate that I have deceived you in—"

" 'Nay, Mr. O'Grady,' I interrupted, 'it is quite useless to think of persisting in misleading me. We were aware, from the first hour, of your name being William Granville O'Grady. Nay, hear me out. I do not accuse you of any thing dishonourable in taking another name, circumstanced as you were. I gave my word to my brother, Ulick O'Connor, to receive you

in my house—should you think fit to visit us—as a suitor to the daughter of O'Connor.’

“I looked him full in the face. A scornful and singular smile, or rather sneer, curled his short upper lip as I spoke, giving a most disagreeable expression to his otherwise handsome features.”

Mrs. Atherstone paused awhile, for much affliction had weakened her; and Sir Gerald was left a prey to tormenting apprehensions.

At length the lady said—

“I resume my story, though it tortures me. I told Mr. O’Grady that my brother had left his daughter free, so far that he solemnly declared he would never force her inclinations. You have now,” continued I, “had an opportunity of trying whether her affection is likely to be won by you. You declared your love for her yesterday, and she calmly and quietly told you she had bestowed her affections on one worthy of them, and that that must be a sufficient answer. She then left you,

and she now declares she will not again subject herself to such importunities."

" 'Well, upon my word, madam,' interrupted Mr. O'Grady, 'you are at least candid, and speak plainly. I *did* come under an assumed name, simply because I suspected an unjust—a most unjust—prejudice existed in your minds against the name of O'Grady. I am dispossessed of my rightful inheritance by an iniquitous will; and absurd and lying reports have been circulated, throwing a slur upon our name. Knowing this, madam, and that, no doubt, your niece was equally well acquainted with these false rumours, I determined to try my fortune as a suitor for O'Connor's daughter, with her father's approbation, under an assumed name. I can now partly imagine how my incognito was discovered. I recollect a trifling incident that struck me at the time. However, let it be. You have have spoken to me plainly and candidly enough, madam. I will be equally sincere with you.

Use your influence, madam, with Aleen to accept me, and, in return, I will disclose a secret of infinite importance to you to learn.'

" 'You are mistaken, Mr. O'Grady,' I replied, 'in supposing that any secret you could unfold would urge me to exert any influence over Aleen's affections. I will be even more candid, and tell you honestly, that your wishes would never have my consent or approbation.'

" 'Well, madam,' returned he, 'I will not any longer intrude upon your hospitality; but, before we part, I may as well be explicit with you. William O'Grady never abandoned a project he once fixed his heart and mind upon. If I cannot have the hand of Aleen with her consent or yours, I must be content to take it how and when I can; but have it I will.'

" And, with this insolent defiance, he abruptly departed, leaving me perfectly bewildered."

Sir Gerald sprang to his feet, and paced the room in a frenzy of rage.

"I see, by your flushed face, Colonel," said Mrs. Atherstone, "and by your fierce gestures, that my recital has greatly agitated you. But I implore you to be calm, if possible. We must bear our trials. Hear me with patience. Careful thought, self-possession, and deliberate counsel are needful in our present calamity. Passion will not aid us."

"I know it," returned our hero. "But who can appear to be at ease while suffering torture on the rack? I will try, however, to suppress my feelings, and listen attentively."

"Thank you," rejoined Mrs. Atherstone. "After some consideration, I determined to keep to my own mind the parting words of Mr. O'Grady, and therefore merely told Aleen that I had come to an explanation with him, and that he had left the house in an angry mood."

“‘I trust in God,’ said Aleen, ‘that we shall never see him again.’

“And so the matter dropped, though I felt very uneasy at the threat uttered by Mr. O’Grady.”

“What ensued?” asked Sir Gerald, impatiently.

“Why,” replied Mrs. Atherstone, “the country, shortly after, became in a very troubled state. Factions were being formed all over the land. I had a great idea of leaving the country, and residing for a time in Dublin. But Aleen, who had no fear, declared the place was so lovely and tranquil, and the people in our vicinity so attached to us, that she could not bear the thought of leaving it and them; and that she was averse to the noise and bustle and gaiety of a city. I therefore abandoned that project. Alas! how unfortunate was it that I did so! Still I took precautions, and had some additional male

domestics to sleep in the house. Time wore on. All in our neighbourhood remained perfectly tranquil; and, in the course of a few months, I lost nearly all recollection of Mr. O'Grady's threats. More than three quarters of a year had gone by since I had last seen that person, whose name we never mentioned."

Having reached this part of her narrative, Mrs. Atherstone seemed unable to proceed. At length she summoned resolution.

"On one fatal night," said she, "we had retired to rest somewhat later than usual. Aleen's apartments were in the south wing of the mansion, facing the bay, as she loved the view from her window, beyond any other. We parted at my door—I kissed her, and bade her good night. The hour was late, for we had sat up conversing on many topics, and, in truth, my dear friend, you were the principal subject of our conversation; for Mrs. McMahon had sent us a published account

of the famous battle of Blenheim, in which your name was mentioned as having been the officer who rendered such effective assistance to the Prince of Hanover. The household was apparently still and in repose, and I had dismissed Mrs. Jenkins to her own chamber. I was not undressed, wishing to read a few pages of a work I was interested in, when a succession of shrieks reached my ear, petrifying me with fear and astonishment. A violent crash followed, and then the report of fire-arms. I rushed to my door: it was fastened without."

"Ha!" interrupted Sir Gerald, with a start, "was it so? Then there was a traitor amongst your own domestics."

"I thought so at first," replied Mrs. Atherstone, with a heavy sigh. "But circumstances lead me to conjecture that I was bolted in by one of the ruffians themselves."

“But, my dear madam,” urged Sir Gerald, “the interior of your mansion must have been well known to the villains, or, in so short a time, your chamber could not have been discovered.”

“As I continue,” observed Mrs. Atherstone, “you will see why I think I was bolted in by the robbers themselves. When I found I could not get from my chamber, my agony was inconceivable. I flew to the window, and threw it up. Alas! its height was above thirty feet from the ground, and the night was very dark. What availed my piercing cries for assistance? The village is more than a mile distant; and the nearest cottages of my tenants are nearly half a mile. Again I rushed to the door: it was opened, and the tall figure of a man, whose face was covered with a silk mask, and who had a white scarf round his shoulder and body, entered my apartment. I knew him in a

moment. My heart, my fears, told me I beheld William O'Grady. 'Oh, cowardly villain!' I exclaimed. 'Where is my child? What is your purpose in committing this daring outrage?'

" 'This outrage, madam,' replied O'Grady, removing his mask and fixing his fierce eyes upon me, 'is the consequence of your own obstinacy; you refused to exert yourself in my favor. Perhaps now, you will accede to my terms. Know that Alcen is your own child, and not Ulick O'Connor's. To suit his own purpose, which I have no time to explain, he deceived you. If, therefore, Alcen was dear to you before, she ought to be doubly so now. Swear, then, to consent to my union with her, and I leave this house, and your daughter shall be restored to you. Refuse, and I follow my own plans.' "

" Consummate villain !" ejaculated Sir Gerald.

“ I listened,” resumed Mrs. Atherstone, “ to this speech of O’Grady in mute amazement and horror, while a feeling of intense joy struggled amid the wild chaos of thoughts that whirled through my brain. Aleen, then, was my own beloved child ! I had always felt a mother’s feelings for her : she clung to my heart with a strange tenacity. But I had no time to indulge in thoughts and feelings.

“ ‘ Be quick, madam,’ exclaimed O’Grady. ‘ Will you swear to—’

“ ‘ Never,’ interrupted I, ‘ will I consent to bestow my child upon such as you. You dare not commit this outrage.’

“ ‘ Dare not !’ echoed he ; and with a fierce laugh he shook my grasp from his arm, and turned to quit the room. I rushed after him ; but the villain slammed the door in my face, striking me with violence on the forehead, and throwing me back insensible on the floor.”

Sir Gerald was again unable to master his feelings. His face was flushed and his hands were clenched with fierce resentment; while Mrs. Atherstone buried her face in her hands, and wept passionately, as the painful recollection of that fatal hour was vividly recalled.

“I have little more to say, my dear friend,” observed Mrs. Atherstone, after several minutes had passed.

“When I recovered from a long insensibility, I learned that my child was gone. I felt some relief when I heard that O'Regan's daughter, Jessy, was carried off also, as it showed some regard to the feelings of my poor child. I need not describe to you my agony. I sent messengers every where; and a large party of my tenantry armed themselves and set out with the intention of tracking the abductors. Captain Stanmore, the commanding officer of a troop of Dragoons quartered in Tralee, immediately dispatched a lieutenant and twenty

men to scour the country ; for it is believed that the outrage was committed by a party of White Jabobins ; but I believe they only wore the white scarfs to deceive. My own opinion was that they would attempt to carry Aleen to the continent, and there force her to become the wife of this William O'Grady. I see, Colonel, that you suffer great anguish of mind. It is the will of God to inflict this blow. We must yet trust to His mercy to relieve us. In my fall, singular enough, I broke the small locket-case I wore round my neck, and a miniature fell from it. Mrs. Jenkins picked it up, for I had fainted. On recovering, I was, as you may suppose, astonished on recognizing a small portrait of myself, which she remembered was missed at the period of Aleen's birth. Besides the miniature, there was a folded paper, closely written over. She put them both aside, till I should be able to read the manuscript. After a time, I found it was a letter from my brother

Ulick, explaining his reasons for the cruel act he had committed in depriving me of my child. The secret it contained had been already disclosed by O'Grady. Besides, from the moment you so abruptly questioned my brother as to Aleen's birth, the subject never left my mind. Many things that occurred at that, to me, most painful period, came fresh to my recollection; and, though I had no proof, still I felt satisfied that Aleen was my own child. Another time I will read you Ulick's letter. The deed he had perpetrated, was forced upon him by that bigoted priest, Father Ignatius, a Spaniard.

“ ‘Save its soul,’ whispered the priest; ‘let it not imbibe with its lips, the seeds of heresy.’

“ At that time, Ulick, gloomy and stricken in mind and body, yielded to the priest's wishes; and I was made to believe my child had died. My nurse, for gold, betrayed me. I was so near death myself, that I knew

nothing of what passed at the time. The child was restored to me by Ulick himself, as I have already related to you. What his plans then were, or whether any compunctious feelings touched his heart or not, it is difficult to say. But even now, so bigoted is he, that he would, if Aleen could have been won from her first and only love, have sacrificed her happiness and mine by uniting her to a Roman-Catholic, although he must have known the man to be vicious and depraved.

“I now, my dear friend, feel rather fatigued, though cheered in heart by your arrival. The hour is late. To-morrow morning, we will again converse on this subject, and decide what steps can be taken to restore Aleen to us both ; for no obstacle now remains to prevent a union that would not only tend to my child’s felicity and my peace, but would also ensure her a protector able to shield her from further persecution.”

Gerald saw that Mrs. Atherstone was exhausted. After some expressions of his love for Aleen, and his deep gratitude to herself, he pressed the hand held out to him, and retired for the night, to ponder over plans to rescue Aleen from the hands of her persecutor.

CHAPTER V.

IN the meantime, gentle reader, what has become of our fair heroine, Aleen Atherstone? On that eventful night when she and her favorite attendant, Jessy O'Regan, were carried off, Aleen was reading, and her maid finishing some needle-work, when they heard the first alarm given to the inmates of the mansion. Thunder-struck by the uproar, they stood for a moment bewildered. Suddenly, their door was burst open, and four men, with their faces

blackened and white scarfs over their shoulders entered their room, led by a tall man, masked. Appalled at the sight, Aleen stood like a statue: pale as death, and gazing at the intruders; while Jessy, who was very timid, threw herself on the bed, shrieking with terror.

“Take them both,” said the tall man. “Wrap them in the mantles; but treat them gently, and bear them to the boat.”

Then, turning on his heel, he left the room.

The sound of his voice was enough. Aleen at once recognised William O’Grady. Her natural spirit and firmness returned; and knowing how useless resistance would be against her abductors, she desired the men, who approached with the mantles, to leave her at liberty, and she would follow them. To this they would not consent; but enveloping her and the screaming and struggling Jessy in ample mantles, they bore them from the mansion without their having the power to see or hear what was going on in the house.

Though half stifled by the heavy folds of the mantle, and excessively alarmed, Alcen did not lose her presence of mind. What would not her beloved aunt suffer? And what could be the object of O'Grady's daring outrage? These thoughts occupied her during her passage, supported by two men, to the beach. When placed in the boat, she heard one of the men say, as if addressing Jessy—

“Cry away, darlint. 'Twill clear your throat.”

“It's chirping after its sweetheart,” said another, laughing.

“Oh, faix, she shall have plenty of sweethearts where she's going,” declared a third. “Wait till daylight, acushla, and maybe you'll take a liking to my own handsome face.”

“Silence, there!” vociferated the voice of O'Grady; “and push the boat off.”

Aleen felt the boat move, and then heard the fall of oars into the water. In a few

minutes more, some one unfastened the mantle from about her head ; and then she heard O'Grady say—

“ You can remove the mantle, madam, if you find it inconvenient, and wish for fresh air.”

Aleen quietly removed the cloak from her head and face ; and, turning round, beheld O'Grady steering the boat which was pulled by four men. Above a dozen men were in the boat besides.

In a cold, cutting tone, Aleen said, looking steadily into O'Grady's face—

“ It did not require this outrage to convince me that Mr. O'Grady was a coward. I ask no mercy from you, sir ; and scorn to solicit my liberty, even were it likely to be granted. But I know and feel that your projects will be defeated, and a bitter retribution fall upon your head.”

Then folding the mantle round her person,

Aleen, with a dignity and calmness which seemed to have an effect upon the rude and lawless men in the boat, turned from her persecutor, and tried to console poor Jessy.

“ Well, madam,” returned William O’Grady, in a careless, sneering tone, “ I am rejoiced to see you take this affair so easily and calmly—I really admire firmness and decision in your charming sex; and as to your kind opinion of me, I must trust to time and attention to effect a change in that. Now, my men, pull away. I see the lights right before you.”

Aleen cast a glance over the dark water, with a disconsolate feeling agitating her little heart. Though she inwardly trembled at the thought of being in the power of the lawless man, who had torn her from her home, she, nevertheless, determined to shew a bold and firm front to meet the misfortune that had fallen upon her.

“ Oh,” she mentally exclaimed, “ if my own

Gerald was near ! But alas ! miles of land and sea separate us !”

So, at least, she thought, not having received any intelligence of Colonel Granville’s arrival in Ireland.

From these bitter reflections, she was roused by the boat’s running alongside a long, low craft, with tall, tapering spars raking over her stern. The vessel had not a single sail set ; for, up to that moment, not a breath of wind disturbed the still water upon which The Warhawk tranquilly floated. A voice from the deck hailed the boat as it shot up alongside ; and several lanterns were swung over her low bulwarks.

“ All right, all right,” exclaimed one of the men in the bow of the boat, as he laid hold with a boat-hook.

The oars were then laid in, and the boat rendered stationary, so that those in her might ascend the side. A ladder of a few steps served

to ascend ; but Jessy, whose terror was very great, sobbed loudly as she was helped aboard by one of the rough men.

Aleen refused the aid of William O'Grady, and, ascending easily enough of her own accord, stood upon the deck of the lugger, surrounded by the wild and lawless crew ; while those in the boat scrambled up the side joking and laughing and bantering each other.

“ Well, my beauties,” exclaimed one of the crew, holding his lantern so as to examine the faees of those coming on board, “ all alive and kicking. None of ye lost the number of your mess ?”

“ No, old boy, sorra one,” replied the new-comer. “ There wasn't as much powder burnt as would singe the whiskers of a cat. So heave up, and let us be moving. There's a breeze rising, and it's better to get clear of the bay before daylight.”

“ Come, Mahony, don't let the men stand loitering,” said William O'Grady. “ A couple

of small cutters are cruizing off the mizen ; but the brig is at anchor in Bantry, getting a new fore-top-mast."

"Ay, ay, sir. We shall be under weigh in a jiffy when the breeze comes. She'll not care a curse for all the cutters afloat. So heave away, boys."

"Now, madam," said O'Grady, approaching Aleen, who stood silent and motionless, her heart beating painfully, while Jessy clung to her mistress's arm, "now, madam, will you follow me to the cabin?"

Glad to escape hearing the language and jokes of the men, Aleen and her attendant descended into the cabin of The Warhawk. It was a large and very handsome cabin, lighted by a safety lamp suspended from the roof. Having shown them in, O'Grady stood for a moment with an uncertain expression on his features—some thought was evidently passing through his brain. However, he suddenly roused himself, and, simply saying—

“You may seek repose, madam. On my soul and honor, no living being shall molest you.”

“Honor !” echoed Aleen, bitterly, and casting a look of reproach and disgust upon the features of O’Grady, who coloured to the very temples ; but, without uttering another word, retired, closing the door after him.

Aleen, then, with a heavy sigh, threw herself upon a couch, and, no longer able to resist the feeling of despair creeping over her, burst into a flood of tears. Jessy, one of the kindest-hearted of maidens, though excessively timid, no sooner beheld her mistress give way to grief, than she cast herself at her feet, forgetting her own sorrow and fear ; and, taking her young mistress’s hand, she repeatedly kissed it, imploring her not to fret, for God would help them, and punish those horrid wretches who had so cruelly torn them from their home.

“Oh,” exclaimed she, “if the good Colonel

and my own father were here, they would soon release us."

"Yes, Jessy," returned Aleen. "Would to God they were? But who can tell to what part of the world this terrible and wicked man may take us? Perhaps to France or Spain."

Jessy used all the arguments her kind but simple nature dictated to console her mistress during the remainder of that miserable night. But when the dull grey light of early dawn struggled through the sky-light, both mistress and maid had fallen into a kind of troubled slumber.

In the mean time, The Warhawk, with a light breeze from the west, glided from the bay of Kenmare; and just as the sun rose, she was running between the Island called the Dorses, and the point of Ballybay. William O'Grady was still upon deck, having merely wrapped himself in his mantle and stretched himself on the deck for an hour or two.

As they ran out from the sound, and opened the wide expanse of Bantry Bay, he perceived a cutter, with a pennant flying at her mast-head, standing into Bearhaven.—While looking at her with his glass, she suddenly altered her course; and shooting up in the wind, bent in stays, and, as soon as her sails filled on the other tack, she stood out so as to cross the lugger's course.

“Curse that fellow!” said O’Grady; “had we been an hour later, he would have been in Bearhaven. Now, though our papers are all right, it won’t do to let him come near us with our present captives on board. We must give him a run of it.”

“Faix, I’d cripple him with our long gun, sir,” said Mahony; “or else he may lead us a dance to the coast of France. They say the two cutters sail well; but nothing to the brig.”

“That would condemn The Warhawk from

this out; firing upon a king's ship," returned O'Grady, "and as my father is still in danger somewhere on the coast, I do not like setting them at defiance yet. Keep her a point or two more to the southward, and let us see how that fellow sails. It certainly won't do to let him gain the least clue to the place of our retreat."

The sheets were slacked, and The Warhawk bore away to the southward and eastward. The cutter was not more than three miles from them, under her mainsail, jib, and foresail, going free. The next moment her gaff topsail was hoisted. It was a nice sailing breeze; and after about an hour's proress, the crew of the lugger perceived that, if they pleased, they could run her out of sight. Still it would throw them greatly off their course; and, as the wind then was, make it impossible for them to reach their destination that night.

This pursuit, by the cutter, rendered O'Grady, who was already irritable, quite furious.

"Lower your mainsail, Mahony," said the commander of The Warhawk. "Let that fellow creep up to us; and get our long gun ready. The water is so smooth, we ought to be able to knock their mast-head about their ears."

"That's the ticket, my lads," shouted Dennis Mahony to the lawless men aboard, every one of whom had forfeited his life ten times over to the laws of his country, and cared not a jot for consequences. Down went the main lug; and, hawling in the fore sheet, the lugger slackened her speed. The long gun of The Warhawk—a very formidable piece in those days—was run along her flush deck, and made ready to fire upon the advancing cutter, which, the moment she came within a mile, fired a gun, but not shotted.

"Now then, you Tim Murphy," said

O'Grady, striking on the shoulder a weather-beaten, but regular-built old seaman, who had served as a quarter-master on board a man-of-war in William's reign, but was flogged and dismissed for irregular conduct and a mutinous spirit, "now, Tim, let us have a specimen of your skill. Splinter the cutter's mast-head the first shot, and I'll pay you five guineas."

"Hurrah, Tim my boy, now's your time."

Thrusting a huge quid of tobacco into his jaw, Tim Murphy took aim, saying—

"If I don't do it the first shot, I'll be —— but I'll do it the second."

The first shot struck the topmast of the cutter about three feet above the mast head, bringing down the gaff topsail. This daring act seemed utterly to amaze the crew of the cutter, for she at once shot up into the wind, firing her two guns at the lugger as she did so; but, except cutting away one of The Warhawk's back stays, the shot did no damage. The next instant the gun from

The Warhawk pealed over the deep, and a loud cheer from her crew told the success of her shot; for down came the cutter's main-sail, and the mast-head was knocked to splinters.

"Now, then," said O'Grady, "hoist away, lads; His Majesty's cruizer will trouble us no more this day."

Under every stitch of canvas she could hoist, The Warhawk flew before the wind, leaving the cutter utterly unable to pursue her; for, though some time after, she made sail, and ran for Bantry, it was clear that in their crippled state, it would be utterly useless to pursue such a craft as The Warhawk.

Aleen and her attendant, Jessy, were aroused from uneasy slumbers by some one knocking at the cabin door. Though startled, Jessy plucked up courage to rise and open it, when one of the men handed in a tray with coffee

and other materials for breakfast. On the tray was a folded paper.

Greatly relieved at not being intruded upon by Mr. William O'Grady, Aleen took up the paper and read the few lines it contained with a feeling of evident satisfaction, while Jessy, recovering her spirits, prepared the breakfast for her young mistress. The note, written with a pencil, was as follows :—

“ You may rest perfectly satisfied, madam, that no injury or insult shall be offered to you. You will reach your destination before night. Till you are more composed I will not intrude my presence upon you.

“ W. G. O'GRADY.”

“ Thank God !” exclaimed Aleen, as she finished reading the above, “ I shall not be taken from my own country ; for if we are

landed this night, it must be on the coast of Ireland."

Feeling thirsty and fatigued, she gladly partook of some coffee. Shortly after this, the report of the cannon from the cutter startled Aleen and made her heart beat with hope.

"Oh, Jessy," she exclaimed, "we are doubtless pursued by some Government vessel."

Then followed the report of the gun from The Warhawk, and the heavy tramping of feet on the deck over their heads, which for twenty minutes kept our heroine in a state of intense and feverish anxiety. But shortly after came the sounds of loud laughter and merriment down through the skylight, which was slightly raised, and these sounds made her heart sink; for Aleen then knew they had baffled their pursuers, whoever they were.

All became quiet again. The slight heel over of the vessel, and the dash of the waves against the sides, proved to her they were

going rapidly through the water with an increased breeze.

“Alas ! Jessy,” said Aleen, “our hopes were short-lived. We have nothing now to trust to but the mercy of Providence.”

The day wore on. The Warhawk still went smoothly and easily through the sea, as the wind blew from off shore, having rounded the Mizen Head.

As the day declined, a cold fowl and other articles were brought to them, the bearer coming no farther than the door. He was remarkably civil in his manner, requesting to know if there was anything the young lady would wish to have ; to which Jessy replied that her mistress did not require anything more.

“We must have run a very considerable distance, Jessy, since last night,” observed Aleen. “God knows what part of the coast we may be landed on.”

It was approaching sunset as the lugger

drew in for the shore. The water was singularly calm, and Aleen, shortly after, judged that they were coming to an anchor, for she could conjecture, by the noise above and the creaking of the yards, as they were lowered, that the lugger was either at anchor, or preparing to be so. Half-an-hour passed, and then a profound silence reigned upon deck.

A few minutes after, a knock at the cabin door announced to the captives that the time was come to quit the vessel. On opening the door, Dennis Mahony made his appearance, and in a quiet, civil tone, said—

“ Will you please, Miss, to come upon deck. The master and most of the crew have left the vessel, and I remain, with two others, to conduct you ashore. You needn’t be frightened, Miss. You will be quite comfortable in the ould tower.”

Surprised at the civil tone and manner of the man, who, though in the attire of a smuggler and armed, had nothing either repelling or

disagreeable in his appearance, Aleen simply replied she was ready, and, throwing on her mantle, she followed the man upon deck, feeling a great desire to have a view of the place they were to land on.

The sun had just set as she put her foot upon deck, and, for the climate and time of year, a glorious sunset it was. The sky was guiltless of a cloud, and a flood of golden light fell upon every object around. Not a soul was to be seen on board The Warhawk, but two men were in a boat alongside. Even in her deplorable situation, Aleen could not avoid remarking the exceeding neatness and regularity of everything on board the lugger. Her tall, tapering masts appeared scarcely to have any rigging to support them; the sails were furled into the smallest possible compass; every rope was coiled down in its place; and the deck was scrupulously neat. The lugger lay in a perfectly land-locked pool, scarcely more than half a mile in circumference;

and the view was strictly confined to that half mile ; for the pool of water was surrounded by piles of the most fantastic and singularly-shaped rocks and cliffs, shutting out all view to seaward. On the land side the cliffs rose to the height of two hundred feet. One single spot alone showed a portion of sand, and that was very limited. Aleen was astonished at being unable to trace the outlet of this extraordinary inlet of the sea.

Dennis Mahony civilly aided the captives into the boat, where, to her own great surprise, and the bewilderment of Jessy, Aleen beheld one of her own large travelling leather-trunks or portmanteaus.

The boat was now pushed from the side of The Warhawk, which lay, as if asleep, upon the tranquil water, undisturbed by even a breath of wind. The boat was run upon the little shingly beach, and a plank enabled Aleen and Jessy to land. As they did so, Aleen perceived a female descending a singular zig-zag

path in the cliff, and approaching the boat. Pleased to see one of her own sex, Aleen looked attentively at her as she entered into conversation with the man who seemed, from his manner and hers, to be her husband. After a moment's conversation with Dennis Mahony, the woman came close to Aleen, and, dropping a curtsey, with rather a curious expression of countenance, as her peering eyes ran over the face and person of our heroine, she said—

“Will you follow me, miss? The men will bring up your trunk by-and-by.”

This woman was Brady Mahony. One look satisfied Aleen that from her nothing was to be gained. Therefore, she merely said—

“Lead on, and we will follow you.”

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. BRADY MAHONY was at this time about forty-three years old, and still a very good-looking woman, though far from having, except when she pleased, a pleasant expression of countenance.

With another glance at the face and beautiful figure of Aleen Atherstone, Brady led the way up the curious, steep path leading to the summit of the cliff. It was narrow and very rough; but cut into steps to render the ascent somewhat less difficult. Having gained the top, Aleen paused;

and, though the daylight was fast fading, she looked round her with extreme surprise. The first object that caught her attention was one of those strange round towers still to be seen in Ireland—a riddle and a mystery for *savans*. This, she guessed, was to be her abode. The view from the spot she stood on, full two hundred feet above the deep pool in which lay The Warhawk, was a strange and singular one. She was able to look across all the islands that lay between her and the broad sea; and, far out in the deep waters, were numerous other islands, forming a kind of promontory. The one she was standing on, had a very limited level on its summit; and thus she could discern that the basin of water below communicated by a very narrow outlet not only with the sea, but with a creek that seemed to run some miles inland.

It at once struck Aleen that the far out islands were those forming Cape Clear. In Atherstone Hall was an immense and singular

old chart of the South-west coast of Ireland—the work of a worthy pastor who lived in the preceding century, and who was then the private chaplain to the Atherstone family.

Brady Mahony, with a sneering tone, said—

“You seem to know where you are, miss; but it would be a long time before any one would look for you here.”

“Providence is everywhere,” returned Aleen calmly.

The woman turned away, saying—

“Please to follow me, miss; this tower is where you are to live.” And, with a hasty kind of manner she threw open the door, and passed in first. Aleen and her attendant followed into the first floor of the tower—a room evidently intended for a kitchen, to judge by the articles against the walls and on the shelves. A spiral staircase led to the upper apartments, one of which Aleen perceived was fitted up, no doubt, for her reception; for a new matting was on the floor; the rough walls

were covered with pieces of old tapestry ; and there were a few chairs and tables, together with a shelf containing several books.

A small door led from this chamber up another flight of stone-steps, into their sleeping-room. It was evident that the windows had been recently enlarged, for the immense thickness of the walls left the previous holes, intended for light, truly dismal.

The woman lighted a candle, and, placing it on the table, said she would prepare some supper for the young lady as soon as possible.

"If you could give me some tea," said Aleen, "I would thank you."

"Tea?" repeated the woman. "Oh, yes, miss, you can have plenty of that. I will make you some at once."

Aleen sat down, while poor Jessy stood, the image of perplexity, gazing at the small and scantily furnished chamber, which her young mistress was to inhabit. The coal fire that blazed in the wide grate gave it, however, a

certain air of comfort. While Aleen sat sadly busy with her thoughts, Dennis Mahony and his wife brought up her trunk, telling Jessy that she would find in it many articles her mistress would want, only they would require arrangement, as they were tossed in, in a hurry and without much regard to regularity.

As soon as the husband and wife retired, Jessy opened the trunk, and Aleen was glad to perceive, amongst a heap of articles hastily collected and thrown in, several things that would be most useful to her.

In less than an hour supper and tea was brought up; and Mrs. Mahony, having asked if the young lady required any thing else, took her leave, locking the door of the chamber.

"A very useless ceremony," observed Aleen, with a sigh, and a tear stealing down her cheek. "Assuredly," added she, "we should never think of attempting to wander out on this forlorn Island."

Having taken some tea and little other

nourishment, Aleen and her maid ascended to their sleeping chamber, which was as comfortably arranged as circumstances would allow. Dejected and weary, both mistress and maid were glad to bury their melancholy thoughts in sleep if they could.

Let us now conduct our readers into a singular range of caverns, situated almost under the old tower itself. In these subterranean places were assembled, a night or two after Aleen's arrival at the Tower, eighteen or twenty men. The vault they were in was of great extent, the entrance to which was extremely difficult of access. Along the sides, were piles of barrels and casks, numerous chests holding goods of all kinds, immense quantities of ropes, anchors, grapnells, and boxes of blue lights. In fact, all kinds of articles used by smugglers in carrying on their unlawful traffic, were here stored. In the middle of the cavern was a rude kind of table, formed by three stout planks, supported on four empty casks on their

ends. The same articles served for benches. All kinds of eatables were scattered over the table, and two kegs of whiskey, and one of water, served for quenching thirst. Clumsy, but large, horns did duty as goblets. Though the eatables were coarse, and the drink only whiskey, a more jovial crew seldom met together, to enjoy a few hours of the night. They were a fierce set. Two or three Spaniards and a Dutchman, the skipper of a smart dogger, formed part of the company.

Even while thus enjoying themselves, they kept their heavy pistols in their broad, untanned belts, and their cutlasses also. As far as appearance went, they certainly looked quite capable of undertaking any kind of adventure, whether in plundering private individuals or his Majesty's revenue.

They were in the height of their fun. All applied themselves to the whiskey keg; but, like worthy Father Murphy, of Queen Vic-

toria's time, they considered any admixture of water destructive to good liquor. Now and then a boisterous song called forth a shout of applause.

"Come, old blow hard," said one of the men, hitting a remarkably hairy individual next him a slap on a back broad enough to support a hogshead. "Come, tip us a stave. You have drunk as much whiskey, to-night, as would capsize a Dutchman. Clear your channel, old chap."

"Ay, ay, my hearty," replied the vocalist, "I'll tip you a stave that will suit you. Let me send this down first. As you say, Bill, it will clear my channel."

And down went a horn of whiskey, quite sufficient, of itself, to finish a landsman. Then, in a strong, clear and not unmusical voice, he sang the following words:—

"I love the night, when the gale sweeps high,
And the summer calms are o'er,

When the ship, like an ocean steed, leaps by
Where the headland breakers roar.
I love the night, and the startling light
Of the spirit of the storm ;
And the better the blast, and the rocking mast,
Than the sun-set mild and warm.
No love have I, for the starry eve,
No joy on the breezeless main ;
But I love to hear the tempest grieve,
And to list to the thunder strain."

" Chorus my hearties."

And the chorus echoed again to congregated
voices of the rough assembly as they chanted
the chorus.

" I turn away from the lover's lay ;
'Tis weariness to hear
The lisping note and the warbling throat
Of the sighing Cavalier.
Oh, the ocean shout, when the storm is out,
Is a nobler strain to me.

Here would I sleep, when the billows leap,
On the bold unconquered sea."

CHORUS.

" I love the night, etc."

ANONYMOUS.

A deafening uproar followed the chorus, and sundry horns of whiskey cleared their throats, husky with shouting.

While the gang of smugglers were holding their revels in the large outward cavern, two individuals were seated before a table in an inner recess, much smaller, but more comfortable in appearance. The sides were hung with straw matting; the sandy floor was covered with heaps of dried rushes; while, in a naturally-formed cavity, blazed a wood fire, the smoke from which found its way out through a cleft in the rock. A good oak table, and two or three strong oak chairs added com-

fort to the chamber; and in the furthest corner were two beds, raised from the ground by strong wooden frames. Altogether, the place had a look of snugness about it, and was a place of shelter not to be despised, especially by the two reckless individuals occupying it.

Mr. O'Grady, senior, and his son William were the two individuals seated at the table. A large pie, and a ham—some cold fowls, and a tongue, were spread on the table. Several bottles of wine, a large jug of hot water, and a couple of flasks of hollands, stood beside them.

The uproar from the outer cavern came, at times, rather distinctly upon their ears, disturbing their conversation. The elder O'Grady cursed their boisterous glee: he seemed in a moody, fretful temper; and, contrary to his habits and usual custom, drank little.

“You are very low, to-night, father,” said William O'Grady, pushing aside the wine and mixing himself a strong potation of hollands and hot water. “Take a tumbler of this mix-

ture, sir. It is far better adapted to this rather damp residence than even the best wine. I see no cause for such a depression of spirits."

"You do not," said the elder O'Grady, almost savagely, and casting a glance round their chamber. "You call it nothing to be driven like a fox into this cursed hole for shelter. My mind is distressed and troubled."

"Some people," rejoined the son, sipping his mixture and kicking a large log on the fire, "some people drink to drown care."

"I do not," returned his father. "You must not imagine that, at my time of life, I can look upon things with the same stoical indifference that you can. Driven to shelter in such a haunt as this—baffled, after years of labour, in every thing—some confounded *contre temps* always occurs when I am on the very point of succeeding in my projects."

"I cannot see that affairs stand so bad at present, sir," observed the son. "I have not indeed heard how you came off with the

leaders of the Jacobite faction. But I have heard it's all up with them."

"Yes ; curse the cause and them too," said Mr. O'Grady, bitterly. "I have had sufficient to sicken me. Never was there a better time for effecting a landing in Scotland than the period selected ; and the opportunity was thrown away. However, it's now quite useless going over what has passed, and is beyond remedy. I had to fly for my life. Ulick O'Connor had a very narrow escape ; for he fell into their hands when The Salisbury was taken. But, by some means, he effected his liberation, and returned to France. I fled into this country ; but was again nearly captured. Feeling extremely anxious to join you—for no tidings of your proceedings reached me—I was forced to lie hid in the County of Wexford. The pursuit after the fugitive Jacobites was very hot and persevering. With great difficulty and danger, I contrived to reach our old haunts on the coast, and found several of my

former associates busy at the accustomed trade. There I learned you were at Kenmare, or Atherstone Hall; and that Sir Gerald Granville was expected at Granville Castle. At this time, the White Jacobins, as they styled themselves, were making a stir in the south. I knew one or two of the leaders of this faction; and was anxious to know what force they had, in case you required aid to carry out your plans. I contrived to attend one of the meetings at the old Abbey, near the Mucross creek; but, to my surprise, I found that these men were only taking the name of White Jacobins to mislead, and then I found out your connection with them."

William O'Grady laughed, saying—

"Yes; that was a ruse of mine."

"I then came here," continued the elder O'Grady, "to wait till I heard from you. At the same time, I sent a couple of men on whom I could depend, to watch the arrival of Colonel Granville. But again my plans were

baffled by the troop of Dragoons quartered at Tralee; for, to my great consternation, I find it has transpired that I am hiding somewhere in this county; and worse, my real name is discovered. It is now known that O'Grady and Fenwick are the same person."

"Ha! that is indeed bad," ejaculated the son, looking with some alarm in his father's face. "I was not aware that you knew that. Such a discovery you must allow is ruinous."

"Yes," returned the elder O'Grady, bitterly. "We can no longer face the world; even if we succeed in getting the Granville estates."

"Confound it, father," said William O'Grady, with a laugh; "you surely do not call Great Britain the world. It is part of it, certainly; but a deuced deal the worst part, in my mind. Let me but succeed in my present enterprize, in which I see no chance of failure, and we shall find plenty of room in the world to enjoy ourselves, besides these foggy islands of his Majesty's."

Mr. O'Grady looked thoughtful and dejected; but, suddenly brightening up, he said—

“ Well, William, perhaps you are right. At all events, mix me a tumbler of hollands. This place is damp; but it's lucky, after all, that you never had a hand in this confounded Jacobite plot. You are safe enough, and can claim the estates without any risk, provided we can remove him who really has no right to them.”

Consoling himself with this reflection, Mr. O'Grady stirred his tumbler and drank half its contents. Then, seeing that his son did not speak, he looked up and perceived that William O'Grady's features were troubled.

“ What are you thinking of now, William ?” asked the father. “ You are looking rather serious.”

“ Well, sir,” replied the son, in a solemn tone, “ I must tell you now, once for all, that I will not engage in any scheme against my cousin Gerald's life.”

Mr. O'Grady turned pale, and, in a voice trembling with rage, said—

“How is this? Does such squeamishness arise from this new love-affair of yours? Has your conscience grown so tender?”

“There is no need of mockery, father,” returned the son, calmly. “You are well aware, much as I disliked my cousin in our early years, owing to that feeling being instilled into me from my cradle, I never did, nor ever will plot against his life. When I fitted up the Warhawk as a schooner, and was near succeeding in getting him off to the West Indies, you know I stipulated that he should be released the moment we had secured the eighty-thousand pounds, and got as much out of the estates as we could besides.”

“It is a pity, William,” interrupted the father, fiercely, “that I did not make a priest of you.”

“I never had a wish to be a priest, sir,” retorted William O'Grady. “There are as

good and virtuous men who are priests, as any in the world. But I will now show you that bantering on this subject is folly ; for any further projects against either the life or the estates of Sir Gerald Granville, would be absolute madness."

The elder O'Grady breathed hard ; but merely said—

"Go on ; I am listening."

"In the first place, father," resumed William O'Grady, "you are discovered to be the same Fenwick who was concerned in the conspiracy against King William. That fact alone will, for ever, prevent your appearing openly in the British dominions. Then, again, even if Sir Gerald Granville were dead, there is another claimant to the estates ; for in the late Sir Hugh Granville's will, you know there is a clause providing for the appearance of one supposed dead or lost. I mean Gerald's elder brother, Cuthbert Fitzmaurice."

Mr. O'Grady nearly dropped the tumbler he

was raising to his lips—turning, at the same time, fearfully pale.

William O'Grady paused; and then said, in a kind tone—

“Indeed, father, you ought to be pleased that this Cuthbert Fitzmaurice did not perish.”

The elder O'Grady seemed to be stricken speechless; so utterly amazed did he feel at the words used by his son.

“How is this, William? You are dealing in mysteries,” at length broke from his lips, in a trembling, disjointed manner. “Cuthbert Fitzmaurice was left in a vessel by that woman, Brady, after the vessel struck on a reef of rocks; and she and her husband swore that the craft went down.”

“They swore falsely, father,” replied William O'Grady; “and now it is as I have stated. The vessel did *not* go down; and the boy has grown to a man; and that man, now, commands the gun-brig on this coast—the very

man who has for years been watching to arrest you."

There was no compunction in the heart of Mr. O'Grady; for, with a horrid oath, he struck the table fiercely, saying—

"Curse him, and all the brood of the Fitzmaurices together. But explain this; for you are driving me mad, William."

William O'Grady gave the required explanation; to which his father listened with his lips pressed hard, and his hands clenched in passion.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "what a cursed fool I was, not to have fired the building with my own hand, and thus consigned them all to eternity."

William O'Grady gazed, with a melancholy expression, at the now flushed face of his sire. Wayward, wild and ungovernable in temper and disposition, William yet possessed human feelings in his heart. From his earliest years, he had been taught to think he was cruelly

wronged both by Sir Vrance Granville and his own uncle, Sir Hugh. As his eldest nephew, he considered himself the rightful heir; and, imagining his own family to be as old and as noble as either the Granvilles or the Fitzmaurices, he could see no reason for the persecution his father endured for running away with the daughter of the proud and haughty Sir Vrance Granville. His father always kept from his knowledge the kind and generous offers of Sir Hugh Granville, obstinately preferring his own base and futile schemes against the life and property of those who stood in his way to aggrandizement. Still, from the life he had led from his very earliest years, William O'Grady imbibed vicious propensities. At times, a sudden feeling would come over him that the path his cousin Gerald followed, was, in the end, the only one to secure prosperity and peace of conscience; and a secret wish that he could retrace his steps, stole into his mind. But

pride, and false shame, urged him on, though not to the extent contemplated, and eagerly desired by his father.

As the elder O'Grady paused after his savage burst of passion, and leaned his head upon his hand, William said—

“ You see, father, there are many obstacles in the way of pursuing your plans. Now, my present is quite practicable, and will injure no one ; for not only are you debarred from again shewing yourself in His Majesty's dominions, but so am I.”

“ You !” exclaimed the elder O'Grady, looking up, “ you are in no way committed.”

“ Pardon me,” returned William, taking from his pocket a couple of letters. “ Read these : they are important.”

Mr. O'Grady took the letters with a puzzled look ; opened one which was directed, “ The Honorable Mrs. Atherstone, Atherstone Hall, Kenmare, County Kerry.” He then looked at

the signature ; and with a dark frown and an oath, read the word "Briefless." "Curse that meddling lawyer !" he muttered, and then perused the following :—

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am happy to hear that you approve of the arrangements I have made with respect to the outlay of the money lodged with Paterson and Co. At your request, I give you the result of my inquiries, besides facts known to myself concerning that misguided and notorious conspirator O'Grady, so long known as Fenwick. I feel extremely uneasy at your permitting his son to enter your house. Though, perhaps, not as criminal as his father, yet it is now clearly ascertained that for years he has been leagued with the smugglers on the south and west coast of Ireland, and was captain of the celebrated lugger, The Warhawk, which he purchased for a yacht,

and which, no doubt, will again be used as a smuggling craft. Get rid of him, my dear madam, as soon as you can, and be strictly on your guard; for depend on it he is plotting mischief. He is now also known as the man who shot Lieutenant Simmons in the affray near Timoleague, some years ago; and a large reward is offered for his apprehension."

"What a lying old rascal this lawyer is!" exclaimed Mr. O'Grady furiously. "I heard you say it was Mahony that shot this Lieutenant Simmons, and that you strove to prevent him."

"Such was the case," replied William O'Grady; "but, never mind, go on. Finish that and read the other."

Mr. O'Grady pitched the lawyer's letter into the fire, and opened the other, saying—

"This, I see, is from Captain Stanmore, the Commander of the Dragoons at Tralee, and is also directed to Mrs. Atherstone."

He then read as follows :—

“ MADAM,

“ Every attention shall be paid to your request. At the same time, permit me to express my sincere regret and sorrow that such an audacious outrage should have taken place. I have sent Lieutenant O'Reilly and a score of men to pursue the villains ; and am confident they will be tracked, as the father of this William O'Grady is known to be hiding somewhere in this county. There is a report that one of the King's cutters, under the orders of Captain Morris, who commands the Gun Brig in Bantry Bay, came in last night disabled ; having been fired upon by the notorious lugger, The Warhawk, off Bantry Bay, the very morning after the abduction of Miss Atherstone. Lieutenant Lewis, who commands the cutter, was severely hurt by a splinter. I have also heard that the brig will put to sea in pursuit ; so that if Miss Atherstone has been

carried off by sea, every effort will be made to rescue her.

“Trusting that I soon may be enabled to relieve your mind from the dreadful anxiety you must be suffering—

“I remain, madam,

“Your obedient servant,

“G. H. STANMORE.”

“This is infinitely worse than I could have anticipated,” said Mr. O’Grady gloomily. “What could have induced you to fire upon that cutter when it was so essential to our safety, to keep the lugger free from suspicion?”

“She would never be free from that, sir,” returned William, “when once it became known that O’Grady and Fenwick were one and the same person. Besides, I was not only anxious, as Miss Atherstone was on board, but knowing you were somewhere on the coast, I was desirous to gain this place; and

had I not crippled the cutter, I could not have attempted to reach in for the Cove; for though we outsailed her, still I should have been forced many leagues out of my course, and much valuable time would have been lost in regaining my destination; and before I could do so, this gun-brig would probably be out to sea. After I have completed my present project, I intend never to return to this coast with The Warhawk, but fit her out as a schooner in some Spanish port, and sail for America."

"And do you imagine, William, that you will be able to induce, or force this girl to marry you? And will you be able, even in such an event, to persuade her mother to bestow her large fortune upon you? You will find yourself mistaken; and this rash adventure may lead possibly to our final ruin. I will risk my life no longer by remaining on this coast. How did you obtain those letters?"

“Simply by stopping the couriers,” returned the son.

“Oh, then Mrs. Atherstone is ignorant of their contents. What a valuable booty you lost by taking the girl and leaving the plate and jewels.”

“What!” exclaimed William O’Grady with a flush on his cheek, “what! turn a common robber! No! not an article of value was touched in the house. But you mistake my project altogether. I confess, when I saw this beautiful and high-spirited girl, I was struck with her loveliness and fascination of manner; and if I could have gained her love—. But,” he added impatiently, “let us not talk of that. In a moment of passion, I threatened what I would not do now for all the wealth in Europe. I know Aleen Atherstone too well; she would not fear to die; but she would never become mine. Besides, I was acting basely in thinking of her as a wife. Moreover, I changed my plan. I can gain

my purpose without making that beautiful girl miserable for ever."

The elder O'Grady rubbed his eyes, and looked into his son's face with a mystified look.

"It is late now, father," resumed the young man; "and I must put a stop to those noisy fellows without. You require rest. We are quite safe here; besides, we have Tendersink's sloop in Mucross Creek; all her papers are right. So lie down, father, and take a few hours' rest; and to-morrow I will let you into the particulars of my project. At all events, your life shall not be risked."

So saying, William O'Grady rose up, and went into the outward cavern. Half an hour afterwards a profound silence reigned throughout the entire range of vaults.

CHAPTER VII.

FOUR days had now passed since Aleen had become a captive in the lonely tower on Clara Island. During this period, she remained perfectly undisturbed by the presence of any person, excepting the woman, Brady Mahony. Still the four days wore away slowly and most painfully to Aleen; for her thoughts were sorely troubled. She was perpetually thinking of her aunt's sufferings at her abduction, and of the fearful uncertainty she herself was under as to the designs and projects of

William O'Grady. Oftentimes her imagination rested upon her absent lover, whose image was ever present in her mind.

During the day, she sometimes occupied herself in gazing out from the narrow and deeply embedded window of her chamber over the islands and upon the broad sea beyond, dotted with innumerable islets and rocks. As she thus gazed, she often hoped to descry some vessel steering in amid the islands, hoping it might be in pursuit of her. The third day, as The Warhawk was not to be seen beneath her window, Aleen supposed that vessel had either put to sea, or gone into another anchorage. Some of the books she found in the tower also served to wile away the tedious hours. Thus time passed; but no ship or boat approached the place of her solitary confinement. In the far distance, she frequently distinguished the white sails and dark hulls of many a craft as they bore away, east or west, or doubled the Cape at a

cautious distance. Tears would then roll down her cheek as her thoughts flew to the happy home from which she had so rudely been torn.

Jessy said and did all her kind heart could think of to cheer her mistress ; but Jessy was sad, also, though she had no lover to sigh after. Brady Mahony attended to their wants, sulkily enough, at times ; but there was an air of discontent about the woman's looks and manner that prevented the captives from requesting any favor at her hands.

The sixth day of their confinement was wearing away, when the door of their chamber was opened, and, without any previous notice, William O'Grady entered the room. Aleen was sitting, as usual, with a book in her hand, gazing out from the window upon the sparkling waters, when a faint exclamation from Jessy caused her to turn round ; for, so absorbed were her thoughts, that she paid no attention to the opening of the door. As she

looked up, she beheld William O'Grady. At first, she felt her cheek grow pale, and her limbs tremble ; but her natural spirit returned, and she met the fixed glance of her persecutor without quailing.

“Madam,” said William O'Grady, in a quiet, subdued tone, “if you will favour me with half-an-hour's conversation, it may lead to your immediate restoration to your home. At the same time—I intreat you to believe me—no compulsion will be employed by me to induce you to comply with the proposal I shall make: you can refuse without the slightest fear of any harshness on my part. Still, if you consult your own happiness, and the happiness of one much dearer to you than you imagine, you will see the policy of accepting the proposition I shall make.”

William O'Grady paused ; while Aleen, who had listened in almost breathless silence, hesitated a moment before she replied. But after an instant's reflection, she made up her

mind how to act; and, in a tone as calm and collected as O'Grady's, replied—

“Situating, sir, as I am, necessity compels me to comply with your request.”

Telling Jessy, who stood bewildered, to retire to the room above till she summoned her, Aleen then requested O'Grady to relieve her mind from the uncertainty she felt with respect to the proposal he had to make.

For a moment or so, William O'Grady stood leaning against the heavy buttress of the door, seemingly in deep thought. Suddenly rousing himself, he said—

“I thank you, Miss Atherstone, for acceding to my request. I will be as brief as possible; and, after stating a few particulars with respect to my motives for the act I have committed against you, come at once to the point. You are, no doubt, aware that my father married the eldest daughter of the late Sir Vrance Granville. As his only son, I was consequently the heir direct to the Granville title

and estates. By an especial grant from King William, Sir Hugh Granville was permitted to will the title and estates to my cousin Gerald Fitzmaurice, he taking the name of Granville. This was an arbitrary and unjust act, for, by it, I was disinherited. Our family can boast of a far longer pedigree than that of the soldier of fortune who won his rank with his sword. We, therefore, considered it right to regain our inheritance, if we could."

"Sir," exclaimed Aleen Atherstone, with a flushed cheek, but a firm, collected tone,—“it would have been an inheritance regained by fraud and violence; for you seem to forget that when the noble Sir Hugh Granville obtained that grant from King William for his services, he considered his nephew, Gerald Granville, the only heir to the property in existence; and when, afterwards—”

“Nay, madam,” hastily interrupted O’Grady, with a slight increase of colour, “we will wave all recrimination on this painful subject;

for, much as you seem to know of the past, you may yet be ignorant that the Granville estates in Ireland were first won by the massacre of its original possessors, the Desmonds. But no more on this subject ; I will now speak on that which will most interest you. When I first visited Atherstone Hall, under an assumed name, it was certainly with the hope of winning your love. You need not turn pale, lady ; for I very soon did justice to your noble and true nature ; and though, in my passion and resentment, I said, you should be mine, I really never intended to carry into effect such a determination."

Aleen drew a long breath, as if a mighty load was raised from her heart. O'Grady easily read what was passing in the mind of his captive.

"On certain conditions," resumed he, after a slight pause, "I will restore you forthwith to your home, and even to your lover. But that you may justly appreciate the offer I am

about to make, I will disclose a secret that will cause your heart to beat with a feeling unknown to it."

Aleen raised her eyes, and let them rest with an anxious look upon the countenance of William O'Grady. The words of Gerald to Ulick O'Connor vibrated afresh in her ears. Could it be that the fond wish of her heart was about to be realized?

"You have always," continued O'Grady, "considered Ulick O'Connor to be your father. Your mother's name was never mentioned to you. Learn now from me that Ulick O'Connor is in reality only your uncle, and that Mrs. Atherstone is your mother. To suit some projects in which your uncle was engaged, Mrs. Atherstone was led to suppose that her child died at its birth. Hereafter, you will learn the particulars."

"Oh, my god!" exclaimed Aleen, with clasped hands, and eyes filled with tears, "my mother, my own, fond, devoted mother!"

And giving way to a feeling she could not control, she burst into a flood of tears.

William O'Grady allowed his captive time to recover from the emotion she experienced on hearing this much-wished-for, but startling intelligence. Many an hour had she spent dreaming over this secret wish of her heart. The love she cherished for Mrs. Atherstone was always that of a fond and devoted child; and now she knew her to be her mother! no obstacle could ever more exist between her and her noble lover. Oh, there was joy in that young heart, captive as she was, and, as yet, in the power of Gerald's bitterest enemy.

"Now, Miss Atherstone," said O'Grady, "listen to me calmly and attentively. I have torn you from a mother's arms. I will restore you to them; but, at the same time, I cannot forego the hopes of years without a struggle. Let Sir Gerald Granville keep, undisturbed, his estates. I covet them no longer. He will have wealth beyond his most bound-

less wishes. I have heard that the attainder against the Fitzmaurice estates has been reversed in his favour; the property of my cousin will accordingly be immense. Let him, therefore, agree to make over to me the sum of eighty thousand pounds left him by his uncle Sir Hugh Granville, and, at once, I will restore you to your family, and then quit this country and my lawless associates for ever, to seek in another land a better name and fairer fortune."

A slight noise at the door attracted the attention of William O'Grady. He paused. But all remained perfectly still.

"Are those the terms you propose for my release?" anxiously demanded Aleen. "Surely, surely, there is no need of applying to Sir Gerald Granville. My own fortune, I have been told, is equal to the sum you mention; and my beloved mother will joyfully yield that sum."

"Nay, lady," hastily interrupted O'Grady,

“that must not. I have no claim on you, or yours. I consider myself justified in employing a ruse to gain an equivalent for the property I have unjustly been deprived of. The surrender of that sum will be as nothing to my cousin in comparison to the treasure he will gain in you.”

Aleen, with her face highly flushed, and her manner greatly agitated, said—

“The terms for my release must, of course, come from you to Sir Gerald Granville. In what way can I become a party in this affair?”

“Simply, Miss Atherstone, by stating, in a letter to Sir Gerald, the facts of the case, and your desire to be restored to your home. In fact, lady, your own heart will dictate to you what to say. When I have that letter, I will perform the rest. In one day your letter will reach its destination.”

“How! What mean you?” exclaimed Aleen, with a beating heart.

"Sir Gerald Granville is by this time at Atherstone Hall, having been in Ireland some few days previously," replied O'Grady.

Aleen's eyes sparkled with a joy she could not and did not attempt to conceal.

"I will write at once," she hastily said.

"I am rejoiced you have so determined," said William O'Grady, with a look of satisfaction. "Be so kind as to give the letter, as soon as written, to the woman who attends you; for the sooner this affair is brought to a conclusion, the better for all parties."

And with a very respectful salutation, O'Grady left the chamber.

During this interview, Mrs. Brady Mahony, for reasons of her own, was a most attentive listener. She had taken off her shoes, and creeping softly up the stone steps, which returned no sounds whatever, she had the luck, on reaching the door, to find it not quite closed. In her intense anxiety to hear, she touched the door, thus causing the slight noise that attracted

the attention of William O'Grady. She remained long enough to understand the whole of his project with respect to Aleen; and then, with a malignant expression of feature, she muttered a low execration in Irish, and retired to her room.

When, at night, Mrs. Mahony received the letter, from Aleen, to convey to William O'Grady, she carefully locked the door of the tower, and passing over the limited space on which stood the building, she descended the steep path to the beach. Two men were putting oars, and other articles, into a small boat. As Brady approached, William O'Grady came up to her and took the letter. Then telling her to be attentive to her charge in the tower, he entered the boat, which pulled away rapidly from the beach.

Brady Mahony stood looking after the boat till it disappeared round an angle of rock jutting out into the pool, and apparently blocking up all outlet from the bason.

“Bannath Lath to you, William O’Grady !” she exclaimed, shaking her clenched hand after the boat. “So you want to cast us off like old clothes, now you have no further need of us. But wait a while ; maybe you’ll find us as ’cute as yourself.”

Then, turning round, she clambered over a range of rock, and arriving at the entrance to the caverns, she felt her way in till a strong glare of light fell upon her path, and then she heard men’s voices. In a few moments, she reached the inner cave, whence came the sound.

“Ah ! Brady, my jewel, acushla macree, is it you at this time of night ?” said her husband ; who, perched on the top of a cask, with his legs stretched upon another, and his back against the side of the cave, was composedly puffing away at a short pipe. Directly opposite him, reclining on three stout planks, was another individual smoking a huge Dutch

pipe. Near them was a jar of whiskey and drinking-cans.

Dennis Mahony's companion was the Dutch captain, Tendersink—a man of great bulk, deep-chested, with big bones, sinews, and muscles. His face matched his frame; the jaws looked as if wrought in iron; and the arched, shaggy brow, dilated nostrils, and compressed lips, indicated passion and power.

“Come, sit ye down, my good little vrow,” said the Dutchman, half rising and making room for Brady, beside himself. You have got something to say, ’der teufel, I know you have. I fear de young man play us false.”

“Dhoul!” fiercely exclaimed Mahony, clenching his hand. “I have suspected both father and son some time back; but, Morga, let him take care! After fifteen year’s service—.”

“Why, what you tink, Dennis?” asked the Dutch skipper, interrupting the flow of Dennis’s eloquence. “Let de good vrow speak.”

"Well then," said Mrs. Mahony, very quietly helping herself to a mug of her husband's mixture, "he's going to sell the girl in the Tower to his cousin, and then lave us to shift for ourselves."

"Ha!" breathed the Dutchman from his deep chest. "Mine Gott! how much he get for de leetle vrow?"

"Eighty thousand pound," answered Brady.

"Eighty thousand teufels!" almost roared the Dutch smuggler. "Gott d—! Eighty thousand pound sterling for von leetle girl. I would sell all de vrows in Holland for half that sum. One leetle girl for eighty thousand pound! Donner and blitzen! It is what one whole cargo come to."

The skipper could no longer struggle with such astounding intelligence, but endeavoured to calm his amazement by puffing his pipe furiously.

"So, that's it, is it?" said Dennis Mahony, after a pause, during which Brady related all

the conversation she had heard. "Now, be me sowl," continued he, "we will have two words to that bargain. He has not got the girl yet. He cannot be back before to-morrow night. Now, I say, Tendersink, we must get these two girls to your sloop to-night."

"*Two* vrows, did you say?" demanded the Dutchman, opening his large eyes. "Mine Gott! That is double."

"Tut," interrupted Mahony, impatiently; "you have smoked yourself stupid. Don't you understand?"

"Eh, yes; mine Gott, I onderstand two leetle vrows to take aboard my good Vrow Caterine. But where we get de boat? We can swim; but de leetle vrows? My sloop is ten miles off. Donner and Blitzen! Eighty thousand teufels!"

And he rubbed his huge hands, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and sat bolt upright.

"He is right enough," said Brady, to her husband. "We have no boat."

“Ye are a pair of omadauns,” returned Mahony, impatiently. “Do you think me one not to know that we can’t get from the Island without a boat? I settled with Patrick and Dermot to return after landing Mr. William up the creek, instead of going on to Mucross. I knew, latterly, the master has been plotting to desert *us* as he did old Darby and his wife at Kilgobbin, without sharing the booty we have helped, at the risk of our necks, to gain.”

“Hark! mine Gott! what’s that noise?” ejaculated the Dutchman. “Ten thousand teufels! It’s the fall of oars! It’s de boat come back!”

“Deawl!” exclaimed Mahony. “It cannot be the boat. Listen! Extinguish the light, Brady. I’ll go to the entrance and see.”

“Donner and blitzen! what’s in de vind now, vrow? But stop till I see the priming in my pistols is goot. Ah! very goot. Douse the glim now, vrow.”

Dennis reached the mouth of the cave, and

then looked forth on the still waters. It was a calm, and not very dark night; and to one accustomed to use his eyes oftener after the sun sets than before, objects were tolerably distinct even at some distance. The noise of the oars as they smote the water in a short, quick stroke, was audible enough; and, as Mahony gazed towards the opening into the pool, he perceived, turning the point of rock that partly blocked the entrance from seaward, a long boat full of men, urged forward by six oars.

“By jabbers, we are betrayed!” muttered Mahony to the Dutchman, who was close beside him. “That is a man-of-war’s boat. Follow me, and we shall have the girl yet. Curse them!”

“Very goot; I’m your man. Der teufel! It’s getting hot.”

Both men, followed by Brady, gained the entrance to the Tower by the secret path, even before the strange boat’s keel grated upon the shingle below.

“Now, mind what I say,” observed Dennis, entering the lower chamber of the Tower, and taking two large boat-cloaks from a peg. “We have a desperate game to play; and there must be no bungling. The girls are not yet in bed. I hear them above, and I saw a light in the lower room. Those in the boat will be some time finding the way up round the rock. We can carry the girls down the steep path. Now, Tendersink, mind, we must stop their cries. Throw your mantle over one of the girls, and I’ll do the same with the other. Now, Brady, lead the way into the room.”

“Ten thousand teufels! how shall we get away with the frauleins, eh?”

“Never you mind,” replied Mahony; “do as I tell you. It’s all up with us if you don’t.”

Brady Mahony unlocked the door; and before the horror-stricken captives could utter a cry, the two men rushed in, and completely enveloped them in the mantles. They were

then hurried from the Tower. Just as they gained the secret path to the caverns, the sound of voices at a little distance from the other side of the rock, accelerated their movements. In the unrelaxing grasp of the two smugglers, the half-stifled women were quite incapable of uttering a cry.

After a troublesome and hazardous descent, they reached the outward cavern; and then Dennis Mahony, concealing himself behind some projecting crags, gazed down upon the beach below him. Turning to the Dutchman, he said in a low voice—

“Listen to me, Captain Tendersink, and mind what I say. Just as I suspected, they have left only two men to guard the boat. Therefore, with caution, we cannot fail of success. Take your heavy pistol in your right hand. The men will not perceive us till we are quite close to the boat. Knock your man over with the butt of your pistol; but, except in case of necessity, avoid firing. We must

gain time to shove off without alarming the others, who are, no doubt, searching the Tower. Now, Brady, avick, keep close to me in case those man-of-war chaps have pistols, which is likely."

The Dutchman merely gave a grunt of acquiescence in Dennis Mahony's plans; and then they cautiously descended the path, and, before they could be discerned by the two men who were stretched upon the thwarts enjoying a quiet nap, were close to the boat, which was hauled up a little on the shingle. Nevertheless, just as the smugglers reached the side of the boat, the sleepers started up, cutlass in hand, shouting—

"Hillo, there! Who are you?"

The next moment, a blow from the butt of a pistol tumbled the nearest sailor out. The other, however, made a cut with his cutlass at Dennis Mahony, who, with a savage oath, feeling a sharp gash in his neck, fired his pistol in the sailor's face. The man fell back

over the gunnell of the boat into the shallow water beside.

“Ten thousand devils! You have settled his hash,” said the Dutchman, depositing his burden in the boat. And then Mahony, getting in, put his shoulder to the stern and shoved off.

“Der teufel! I tink the young vrow’s dead,” said the Dutchman. “Don’t stir.”

“Pull away,” responded Mahony. “That fellow hit me hard. They have heard the shot, and it won’t be long before they are here. Never heed the women, man. They have fainted, perhaps. So much the better.”

It was young flood, and the boat soon floated. So seizing an oar each, they rowed lustily. The two men they had wounded were struggling up from the shallow water, while, at the same time, loud shouts were heard from those above them on the cliffs. But Dennis Mahony and the Dutch skipper cared little either for the shouts of their pursuers, or the threats and ex-

ecrations hurled after them by the exasperated sailors, who at last arrived at the beach. .

But the boat was now beyond their reach ; for though the long, heavy, eight-oared boat pulled slowly with only two oars, it had got too far from the shore to be laid hold of by the men belonging to it, some of whom threw themselves into the water, but were forced to wade back, enraged at the situation in which they were left on a small island, without any possible way of getting off, that night at least.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE must now make a slight retrogression.

It has been premised that the gun-brig, stationed at Bantry, with two cutters under her orders, was commanded by Captain Cuthbert Morris. The Government were extremely anxious to capture, if possible, several notorious Jacobite leaders known to be concealed somewhere on the west and south-west coasts of Ireland, waiting for an opportunity of escaping to the Continent in any of the contraband vessels perpetually running their cargoes on

as O'Grady, was also suspected to be somewhere on the coast; and as Captain Morris had already commanded a vessel in the Irish Sea, he was despatched with a ten-gun brig and two cutters to keep a strict guard on the coast, from the Old Head of Kinsale to the Kenmare river.

Captain Morris, as might be imagined, had been extremely anxious to discover his parentage; but, after a long lapse of time, despaired of ascertaining any trace of his origin. He had made several efforts to obtain particulars respecting the Dutch galliote, by writing to the port she hailed from; but all he could learn was, that a sloop of that description had sailed many years previously for the port of Waterford, and that neither the vessel nor her crew had been heard of from the period in question. Captain Morris felt satisfied he was of Irish extraction; his nurse's name was Brady; that was decidedly Irish. He now determined to

make some further inquiries, and even to put a paragraph in several of the newspapers, which might lead to some clue.

In the mean time, he kept a vigilant watch on the coast, and had several excellent and trustworthy pilots on board ; moreover, the two lieutenants who commanded the two cutters, were very efficient officers. It was not without considerable surprise that he learned that his old antagonist, The Warhawk, had been converted into a yacht, and purchased by Sir William Granville O'Grady ; but he did not then know that Sir William was no other than the once famous Captain of The Warhawk. Before he sailed from Plymouth, he received instructions to seize upon The Warhawk, wherever he should find her, and also upon Mr. William O'Grady, who was no other than the notorious smuggler, William Fenwick, and who was said to have shot Lieutenant Simmons some years before, in a struggle

which ensued in seizing a cargo landed near Timoleague.

Captain Morris's brig was one of the fastest vessels in the service; and, as he had been twice baffled by *The Warhawk*, when commanding *The William and Mary* cutter, he became excessively anxious to capture that famous lugger, which he had positive information was still on the coast.

Cruizing one day off the harbour of Glandore, a violent squall, sudden and almost unforeseen, took him aback; and before it terminated, he sprung his fore-topmast so badly, as to force him to run into the harbour for a temporary refit.

Whilst at anchor there, the beauty of the woods bordering the Miros river, and the noble mansions of Granville Castle and Glandore Abbey attracted his attention. He had on board an old pilot belonging to the port, and, wishing to know who owned the two mansions

he saw so delightfully situated, he called the old man to come on the quarter-deck.

“Who resides in the mansion on our left?” demanded he.

“That, your honour, just peeping out of the Miros woods, has not been inhabited these many years. It did belong to the good ould stock of the Fitzmaurices; but they fought for King James; and they say the ould property belongs to the crown now; more’s the pity, your honour.”

“And that castellated mansion to the right?” questioned Captain Morris.

“Oh! that’s a Fitzmaurice also, your honour; only his Honour Sir Gerald has taken the name of Granville, a ’cause of being left his uncle’s property. The Lord bless him! he’s a noble gentleman, and is coming home-from foreign parts. It’s a sad story, your honour,” continued the old pilot, drinking the glass of grog the captain ordered him, “I remember it as if

it was yesterday, when the ould Baronet was murdered in that very house by a set of villains and robbers, and no one has ever found them out. Sir Gerald Granville's mother died of fright. The villains came in a Dutch sloop."

"A Dutch sloop!" exclaimed Captain Morris, getting interested in the old man's garrulity.

"Yes, your honour, a Dutch sloop. I was one of the men as put to sea that night; for, your honour, they stole away with them the eldest son of Mr. Fitzmaurice, of Glandore."

"Good God!" ejaculated Captain Morris, in an agitated tone, and with a flushed cheek. "You are interesting me much. How many years ago was it since this crime was committed?"

"How many years ago, your honour? Let me think. Why, captain, it's nigh twenty-five years."

"And how old was the child?"

The old pilot looked up into the face of Captain Morris with an earnest gaze.

“Master Cuthbert Fitzmaurice,” replied he, “was about four years old when those rapparees carried him and his nurse off in the Dutch sloop.”

For several moments Captain Morris actually shook with emotion; for thus, after a lapse of twenty-five years, by the merest chance was a clue gained that appeared without a doubt to substantiate his origin.

“One question more, my good fellow,” said Captain Morris. “Do you remember the name of the nurse who was taken away from yonder mansion with the boy?”

“Oh! sure, your honour, there’s many a one now in yonder village remembers her. A likely lass she was. Brady Sullivan was her name. She married some wild fellow that left her, and then she came back and was nurse to the boy as was stole. But Brady Sullivan she was always called.”

Captain Morris was completely astounded.

The dates, the Dutch sloop, the name of Cuthbert, all bore such evident reference to his early childhood, and his rescue from the Dutch galliote that he felt firmly convinced he had discovered his parentage, and that, in Sir Gerald Granville, he should find a brother.

Not wishing, at that moment, to create surmise or excite curiosity amongst his crew by the remarks which the pilot would undoubtedly make, he contented himself with taking the man's name; and, giving him another glass of grog dismissed him. In the evening, he went ashore, and proceeded to walk round Granville Castle. He was subsequently shown over the mansion by the old butler, a man who had lived in the service of the late Sir Hugh Granville.

More and more convinced, from his casual conversation with the worthy butler, that he had discovered the clue to his birth so long and so ardently desired, he returned on board with a light heart, resolved, as soon as he could

conveniently do so, to have an interview with Sir Gerald Granville himself. The next morning he sailed for Bantry, where he replaced his sprung topmast. Here he received intelligence of the abduction of Miss Atherstone.

The evening after, just as he was preparing for sea, one of his cutters came in crippled, with the information that she had chased The Warhawk off the mouth of the bay; but her mast head being struck with a heavy shot, she was completely disabled from pursuing the lugger, which, the lieutenant declared, was evidently making for some part of the coast. In half-an-hour after, the brig was standing out of the bay with a fine breeze from the westward. The cutter was ordered as soon as she could repair damages, to put to sea, and keep a sharp look-out to the westward of the Kenmare river, while the captain himself ran down the coast towards Cape Clear.

Unfortunately, as Captain Morris thought,

he was suddenly becalmed during the night, and in the morning the brig was lying quite still, without an air of wind, scarcely a mile from Three Castle Head.

"This is a strange calm, Mr. Haultight," said Captain Morris, sweeping the horizon with his glass.

"It looks infinitely more like a heavy gale of wind, to judge both by the sky and the state of the atmosphere," returned the lieutenant. "This heavy ground-swell is fast setting us in for the land. Suppose we get the boats out, and reach a better offing."

"There's a six-oared whale-boat pulling round The Head towards us, sir," said a young mid, who had gone aloft for a look-out. "She's just coming out now, sir, from under the shade of The Head."

Both commander and lieutenant turned their glasses in the direction of The Head, and soon made out a long whale-boat under six oars, pulling evidently for them.

"I see two persons sitting in the stern-sheets," said Lieutenant Haultight; "and, by Jove, here's a cat's paw coming over the water from the south'ard."

As he spoke, one of those flaws of wind, which the sailors call cat's paws, lifted the heavy sails of the brig, filled them, and urged the vessel on for an instant, and then fell stark calm again.

"Ah!" said a pilot standing by the helmsman, "we shall have more than we can stagger under before night."

"Here is some intelligence for us," said Captain Morris; "there is a gentleman in a military undress sitting in the stern, steering; the other is in plain clothes, probably an attendant."

"Here, boy, put the ropes and ladder over the side," said the lieutenant, "she will be alongside in a moment. How fast those whale-boats pull!"

"They are very fast, and very fine sea-boats," observed Captain Morris; "I prefer them infinitely to a gig. I see the Cork pilots are using them very much."

As the Captain spoke, the whale-boat shot up alongside, and he moved forward to receive the distinguished individual, who, the next minute, stood upon the deck of the brig."

"Captain Morris, I presume," said Sir Gerald Granville, looking with evident surprise into the handsome features of the Commander. "My name is Granville."

Captain Morris could hardly restrain his emotion. Dennis O'Regan, who had accompanied his master on board, stared from one to the other of the two young men with a kind of bewildered amazement, rubbing the back of his head violently, as was his custom when puzzled.

"You will excuse me detaining you a few minutes," said Colonel Granville. "I followed

you out from the bay, hearing from a fishing-boat that you were becalmed, and hoping to overtake you, which, luckily, I have accomplished. We have obtained positive information that Miss Atherstone has been carried off by sea."

"Will you do me the honour, Sir Gerald," said Captain Morris, in an agitated tone and manner, "of accompanying me to the cabin."

Colonel Granville bowed, and, with strange thoughts struggling through his brain, followed Captain Morris.

No sooner did O'Regan see them disappear down the companion, than he turned round and said to the lieutenant—

"By the immortal powers this bates all! Please, sir, what's the captain of this ship's Christian name?"

"Well, my good fellow, I'll oblige you in that request," good-naturedly replied the lieutenant; "his Christian name is Cuthbert—Cuthbert Morris."

“By gorra, I knew it! Cuthbert Fitzmaurice—that’s his name, or by jabbers, mine’s not Dennis O’Regan. And I would like to see the chap as would say that to my face,” exclaimed O’Regan, with an energy that startled the worthy lieutenant, who knew that some mystery was attached to his commander’s birth. Catching Dennis by the arm, he said—

“What the deuce makes you add a Fitz to our captain’s name, eh?”

“What makes me?” echoed Dennis. “Be me sowl, I’ve good reason. Did you see that gentleman that went down into the cabin with him—eh?”

“I did, and was struck with the great likeness between him and our commander,” replied the lieutenant.

“Ha! ha! Be the powers, there’s no mistake. He’s found this time, old boy!” And, in the excitement of the moment, he hit the lieutenant a slap on the back, to the great

horror and amazement of several of the crew on witnessing such an indignity inflicted on their lieutenant. But Mr. Haultight, though somewhat driven out of his equilibrium by the energy of O'Regan's manner, was far too interested in the matter to mind trifles.

Before the lieutenant could reply, or ask the question on his lips, the voice of Sir Gerald Granville, calling on O'Regan to descend, caused that worthy to exclaim—

“Ha! by St. Patrick, I'm right!” And down the companion stairs plunged he in such haste and heedlessness, and not being very steady on his legs in a vessel, that he entered the cabin of the brig like a thunderbolt.

As soon as he regained his perpendicular, which he did with a smothered anathema against all crafts that walk the waters, his master said—

“Here is a strange discovery, Dennis, and a happy one. You will be able, even better than

I, to satisfy the scruples of this gentleman, who, thank God, I firmly believe to be my long lost brother, Cuthbert Fitzmaurice."

We will not weary our readers, at this concluding part of our narrative, with recapitulations of incidents and events. It will be quite sufficient to say that Sir Gerald Granville and Dennis, after comparing all the dates and circumstances which Cuthbert Morris could lay before them, coupled with Dennis's own reminiscences, were satisfied that, in the commander of the brig, they beheld the lost Cuthbert Fitzmaurice.

"If we could only lay hold, your honor," said Dennis, highly elated, "of that rascal Mahony, or Phalim O'Toole—as he wanted to style himself—and, also, of his blessed better-half, Mrs. Brady Sullivan, we should be all right."

"We must collect all the proofs we can, Cuthbert, to satisfy the law," said Sir Gerald, pressing his brother's hand. "For myself, I

need no father testimony. Nature spoke in my heart the moment I beheld you."

The voice of Mr. Haultight now interrupted the brothers—

"Here's a heavy breeze from the nor-east, sir; and the men in the boat are uneasy."

As he spoke, the breeze heeled the brig over on her side. Sir Gerald hastily wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, folded, and sealed it, and directed it to Mrs. Atherstone.

"Now, Dennis, give this to the men," said he; "and this, also," handing him five guineas. "Tell them to send on that letter at once, when they get to Bantry."

"I will stand in to the smooth water under The Head," observed the lieutenant, speaking down the sky-light; "and then cast off the boat. It will save them a heavy pull."

"Do so, Mr. Haultight," returned the commander; while Dennis hastened up with the letter.

The two brothers seemed so overjoyed at the strange and most unexpected discovery of their relationship, that even the Colonel, for the moment, almost forgot the object of his visit to the brig.

“At all events, Cuthbert,” said Sir Gerald, after a long and most interesting conversation, “there will be no one to oppose your succession to the Fitzmaurice estates; for the attainder is reversed in my favour.”

“You have a noble, generous heart, Gerald,” replied Cuthbert Fitzmaurice, as we shall henceforth call him; and I glory ten thousand times more in calling you brother, than in the succession to all the estates in his Majesty’s dominions. But now, dear Gerald, let us talk over this most unfortunate affair of the abduction of Miss Atherstone—on whose recovery, I know, depends the whole happiness of your life. Have you gained any recent information concerning the retreat of O’Grady and his son?”

“Something I have certainly learned,” answered Colonel Granville; “and that is, that the notorious smuggling lugger, The Warhawk, in which William O’Grady carried off Miss Atherstone, is concealed in some deep inlet on this coast; and that he intends, after getting his father on board, to sail for the coast of Spain. I have searched every creek between Kenmare and Black Castle; and I now wish you to keep a strict guard on this coast, while I search, with a boat’s crew, the deep inlets that lie concealed by the Islands of Cape Clear. I am told there are several singular creeks, of which the entrances are concealed by rocks and islands. It is not improbable that this lugger may be at anchor behind some of those islands.”

“Those are the very inlets and creeks I now intend searching,” said the commander of the brig. “With infinite difficulty, I have succeeded in getting a couple of pilots

well acquainted with the rocks and shoals along the coast. Two or three years ago, I chased that very Warhawk from The Mizen Head to The Old Head, in a tolerably fast cutter; but lost her in a heavy gale and a dense fog, off the Old Head of Kinsale. And, by Jove, I heard afterwards that this desperate smuggler actually landed a valuable cargo that very night—a deuce of a night it was—within a league of the place I lost sight of him in.”

“There is a suspicious sail to windward, sir,” said Mr. Haultight, through the open skylight. “I think it is The Warhawk.”

The brothers sprang to their feet; and, with simply a pressure of the hand, hurried on deck. Lieutenant Haultight handed the glass to his commander, saying—

“There away, sir. She has a staggering breeze, and is going away south and by West.”

“A three-masted lugger. See her quite plain sir,” sung out a young mid from the mast-head.

The commander looked several moments through the glass at the distant sail; and then, handing the telescope to his brother, said—

“There’s not a doubt of it. That’s The Warhawk.”

Colonel Granville felt no little agitation as he turned the glass upon the vessel in which he felt satisfied was his beloved Aleen. He gazed long and earnestly through the glass at the lugger, which rapidly came nearer; for the brig was standing right across her course. She was under her three lugs, without a single reef in them, though the breeze was heavy, and the brig had taken in a reef in both topsails. As Sir Gerald looked through the glass, she suddenly altered her course, hauling home her sheets and getting thus upon a wind.

“Ha, by Jove,” exclaimed Mr. Haultight, “she sees us!” Then turning to his commander, he said—

“We can carry our top-gallant sails over our reefed topsails; for I feel satisfied we shall have some very heavy squalls out of that black, dense sky to windward.”

“I agree with you,” returned Captain Fitzmaurice. “At all events, let us see how we hold with him. Unfortunately, he is full three miles to windward; and we have only four hours daylight to come.”

Sir Gerald Granville was in a state of intense anxiety; he knew enough of the sea to know that to capture a vessel three miles to windward, and that vessel, perhaps, nearly as fast as the pursuer, would be a tedious and prolonged chase. Moreover, during the night, she might entirely escape them. The agony of mind this thought caused him, was quite perceptible to his brother, who at once said—

“ You are uneasy, dear Gerald. But do not be so. This is a remarkably fast vessel ; and if we have to follow him to the coast of France, we will have him. Half an hour, however, will shew our respective speed ; and it is quite impossible he can carry that press of canvass on a wind in this rapidly-increasing gale.”

All now on board the brig were in a great state of excitement : the squalls were heavy and required great attention, lowering and hoisting the top-gallant sails as the force of the squalls required.

“ We evidently gain upon the lugger,” said the lieutenant of the brig, “ especially during the heavy squalls which force her to lower her main sail. She has also taken in a reef in her fore lug. Ha ! stand by there,” vociferated he, “ tacks and sheets. Here’s a tremendous squall coming over the sea like a race-horse.”

Colonel Granville, who had his eyes fixed upon the lugger, suddenly beheld her enveloped in a sea of mist. The tops of the waves seized by the squall, and hurled along like a snow-drift, completely hid her from sight.

Being skilfully handled, the brig, though she bent with the tremendous violence of the squall till her yards dipped in the foaming sea, yet gracefully and easily recovered herself, throwing a cloud of spray from her bows as she again dashed through the breaking seas with renewed speed.

“The Warhawk has carried away her foremast, sir,” shouted one of the men aloft.

“Ah, by Jove!” exclaimed Captain Fitzmaurice, in a joyful tone, “we have her, Gerald.”

The fury of the squall being spent, up went top-gallant sails; the next moment the yards were squared; and the brig dashed before the gale. The Warhawk was then

scudding under her main lug and mizen; while it was evident to those on board the brig that they were coming rapidly up with her. They were not now more than a mile and a-half from each other, when Captain Fitzmaurice ordered one of his bow chasers to be fired. No sooner had the sound of the gun died away, than a wreath of smoke rushed out from The Warhawk's deck.

“Ha! Confound the fellow's impudence!” ejaculated Mr. Haultight, as the shot from the lugger's swivel twelve-pounder cut away one of the topsail ties. The damage was instantly repaired.

In another half hour, they were within less than a mile; and then the brig opened fire upon the lugger to cripple her. When shooting up in the wind, they saw she had contrived to get up a short jury mast on which they set a large shoulder-of-mutton sail; and hauling her sheets flat, she got upon her

favorite point of sailing on a wind. The brig was soon after her ; but, to their great surprise, the lugger appeared to sail under her reduced canvas faster than ever.

Again the brig kept away a point or two, and opened fire upon the lugger, knocking away her mizen mast altogether. The Warhawk, however, determined to hold on to the last ; for she daringly returned the brig's fire, cutting away the fore-topsail sheets, and casting the sail loose.

Sir Gerald Granville watched these proceedings with intense anxiety. He perceived, now that the squalls had ceased, and it blew a steady gale, that they did not gain an inch on the lugger ; and another shot from The Warhawk splintered the brig's foreyard, which so enraged Mr. Haultight that, watching his opportunity, he fired his whole broadside into the lugger. This settled the chase : the lugger's mainmast fell over the side and a loud

cheer from the brig's crew testified their satisfaction.

Even under this terrible misfortune, The Warhawk showed no signs of surrender; for again her heavy swivel sent its contents on board the brig, completely smashing her fore-topsail-yard, besides cutting away the starboard sheet of the main-top-sail. The next moment, she had hoisted a square-sail on her jury-foremast, and was running dead before the wind.

Enraged at the audacity and determination of the crew of The Warhawk, Captain Fitzmaurice, though he disliked taking life if he could avoid it, poured another broadside into the lugger, then not five hundred yards distant. This discharge left her lying on the stormy sea without a mast or spar standing. The brig was then hove to; and though it was blowing a smart gale, and the sea in much commotion, the long boat was got over the

side into which Colonel Granville got, in an extremely excited state of mind. Lieutenant Haultight and ten well-armed men followed; and then they pulled for the lugger. On ascending the side, they perceived that there were but three or four men on deck; and they stood, with savage looks and dogged unconcern, grouped forward.

“So,” said Lieutenant Haultight, as he and Colonel Granville sprang upon deck, “you have made a pretty mess of this firing on, and injuring, a king’s ship! Do you know you’ll swing from a yarm-arm for this?”

“Swing, and be ——” said a tall, fierce-looking smuggler, as he pitched his cutlass overboard. “It’s easy to brag with only fourteen men on board. By Heaven, if all our crew was here, no king’s ship afloat should ever have taken us.”

“Well, you rascal, you’re taken now. So

send the rest of the men upon deck," returned the lieutenant, angrily.

"Send them up yourself," retorted the man, with a scowl.

While this short dialogue was passing, Colonel Granville, whose anxiety was intense, followed by O'Regan, descended the cabin stairs, expecting to find, if not his beloved Aleen, at least, the two O'Gradys. As he went down, heavy groans and moans reached his ear. Startled and alarmed, the Colonel entered the cabin. As he did so, he paused, and looked with painful surprise upon the scene presented to his view.

The cabin of the lugger was lighted by a large, handsome lamp that swung to and fro with the heavy rolling of the mastless vessel. It was now dusk ; for the chase had continued during several hours. Stretched on a mattress, upon the floor, lay a man apparently dying from a gun-shot wound. The other persons,

evidently of the crew of the lugger, were kneeling beside the wounded man endeavouring to staunch the blood that flowed from a wound in the side. As Colonel Granville entered, the sufferer looked up with a painful effort, and, for a single instant, his eyes rested upon the face of Sir Gerald. With a deep groan of anguish, he closed his eyes, and tried to turn aside. His head then fell back upon the mattress.

Struck by the countenance of the wounded man, his look of agony, as his eyes met his, and his attire, so different from the lawless men beside him, the Colonel, in a moment, guessed that the sufferer before him was the misguided and guilty O'Grady. The two men looked up: one of them, in a rough, reckless tone, said—

“If you want to have a chance of hanging him, you had better send a surgeon on board. There are others wounded.”

“Hail the brig for the surgeon, O’Regan,” said the Colonel, not heeding the rough and insolent manner of the smuggler. Despite O’Grady’s errors and crimes, a feeling of compassion for his dying relative took possession of Gerald’s heart. Approaching, he said to the sailor who had just spoken—

“How is this, my man? Answer me civilly, for you will gain nothing by roughness. Has this gentleman been struck by a ball from the brig?”

Somewhat awed by the look and manner of the Colonel, the man replied—

“No, sir; a splinter from the mainmast—the last shot fired—made this gash in his side.”

And with a smothered curse, he muttered something, the exact meaning of which the Colonel could not make out. But the word “woman” caught his ear.

“Is there a lady on board this craft?” de-

manded Gerald Granville. "I will do my best to save you all from punishment ; but answer me truly."

"No, sir," answered the man more civilly ;
"there is no female on board."

"Good God !" exclaimed the Colonel,
"where can they have carried her ?"

Just then, Mr. Haultight put his head into the cabin, saying—

"The surgeon is coming, Colonel. Three men are severely hurt on board. Will you return to the brig ? I find the object of your search is not here ; but the wounded person before you is the identical Fenwick, whom we were so anxious to capture. We shall rig up some spars."

"I shall stay where I am," said the Colonel, looking at the miserable O'Grady, who, hearing the words of the lieutenant, moaned and groaned in anguish.

Sir Gerald ordered O'Regan to try and be

of service to the wretched sufferer, and bathe his face with water, for he appeared to have fainted. In a few minutes, the surgeon entered the cabin, and, at once, on examining the wound, pronounced it to be mortal, and that O'Grady would not live beyond a few hours.

Touched by his situation, and truly miserable concerning the fate of Aleen, Colonel Granville ascended upon deck.

The lugger was under weigh—Mr. Haultight having got up two temporary spars. Most of her crew had been taken on board the brig; and Mr. Haultight, with a dozen seamen, sent by Captain Fitzmaurice, was running the lugger in for Bantry Bay. The night was intensely dark, and the gale violent, with a cross, tumbling sea. The lights of the brig, which led the way, were perceptible; but not a vestige of anything else was to be seen on the troubled waves which broke into foam around them.

"This is a very fine boat, Colonel Granville," said Mr. Haultight, who was quite ignorant of the relationship that existed between Mr. O'Grady and Sir Gerald. "If we had not completely crippled her by that last shot, she would have escaped us during the night. We have made a most important capture."

"He will scarcely live till morning!" said our hero, whose mind was too pre-occupied to heed the lieutenant's observations.

Just then, the surgeon came up, and hearing voices, joined the companions, saying to Colonel Granville—

"The wounded gentleman—for gentleman he evidently is—earnestly desires to see you, Sir Gerald. He has something important to communicate; and he knows he cannot live beyond an hour or so."

Most anxious to learn, if possible, where Miss Atherstone was concealed, and what

William O'Grady's projects were with respect to her—and prepared to sacrifice any amount of fortune to rescue her, Colonel Granville descended to the cabin, where he found the kind-hearted O'Regan propping up O'Grady with pillows, administering to him a cordial which the surgeon had brought with him, and, in his honest, straight-forward manner, soothing the unfortunate man, whose agony of mind and body seemed intolerable.

As Sir Gerald approached the mattrass on which Mr. O'Grady reclined, he addressed him with much kindness of manner and considerable emotion, saying that he would do anything he could to ease his mind; but, at the same time, implored him to say where his son had concealed Miss Atherstone.

O'Grady let his gaze rest for a moment upon the features of Colonel Granville, while, with a feeble hand, he wiped the perspiration from his pallid brow.

“ I little deserve, Sir Gerald Granville,” said O’Grady, in a low tremulous voice, “ words of kindness from you, whom I have pursued from childhood with bitter hate.” He paused a moment, drank a glass of cordial, and then continued :—

“ I have neither strength nor time,” said he, “ to go into details of the past. I am guilty of much, perhaps not of all, laid to my charge. In my last moments, I must prevent further evil. The young lady my son carried off from Atherstone Hall, is safe and uninjured ; neither did my son intend to harm her in any way. His intention was to hold her in security, and concealed from you, till you consented to ransom her at a great sacrifice. Considering himself as the child of the eldest daughter of Sir Vrance Granville, his purpose was to gain possession of the eighty thousand pounds, left you by your uncle, Sir Hugh ; and then leave this country for ever.”

“It is needless to say, Mr. O’Grady,” replied Colonel Granville, seeing the sufferer lean back exhausted, “that I was always willing, and stated so to my solicitor, who communicated the same to yours, to settle a very handsome property on your son ; and, even at the time he committed this last outrage, was still willing to do so. But every advance of mine was met with scorn and contempt.”

Mr. O’Grady moaned bitterly ; and, gaining a little strength, said —

“I know all that, Colonel Granville ; and how noble and generous was your nature. But haunted through life by the idea that the Granville estates should, by right, be my son’s, were it not for a royal grant, I became determined to possess them at all risks. But I am dying ! Oh, my son !”

“I pledge you my word,” said Sir Gerald, in a voice of much emotion, “I pledge my sacred word if it will ease your mind with re-

spect to your son, I will never—if he restores Miss Atherstone alive and unharmed—pursue him with any feeling of revenge. On the contrary, I will put him in possession of ample means of living in other lands, where he may, I trust, become a wiser and a better man.”

For several moments the dying father buried his face in his hands. O'Regan shed tears, and muttered various sentences to himself as he wiped the brow, and moistened the lips of the penitent O'Grady, who, looking up, pressed O'Regan's hand, saying—

“This worthy man has eased my mind greatly. Thank God, Sir Gerald's brother lives by a strange and merciful decree of Providence. From him, I may say, I receive my death wound. The name of the Dutch Galliot he was found in was The Hohengolien. With respect to Miss Atherstone, she is now held prisoner in a tower on one of the Islands near Cape Clear. You will easily distinguish

the Island by its lofty tower. Brady Sullivan, or rather Mahony, has the charge of her. From her, Sir Gerald, you will gain important information concerning your brother's abduction. She can fully prove his birth and rights. In my last hour, I here solemnly declare I did not fire the shot that slew Sir Vrance Granville."

A violent spasm shook the frame of O'Grady. He held forth his hand and looked imploringly into the Colonel's face.

Gerald Granville knelt beside him, pressed his clammy hands, assured him he forgave him, and would protect his son; and prayed fervently by his side.

In another moment, the guilty O'Grady ceased to exist.

CHAPTER IX.

It was scarcely more than two hours after dawn before the brig was again under weigh, having left the lugger under charge of an officer and ten men—the smugglers were secured. Little rest did either Colonel Granville or his brother take during the few hours the brig remained at anchor in Bantry Bay.

The death of O'Grady, guilty of so many crimes, was still, to a certain degree, a painful event. Connected, by marriage, with the

Granville and Fitzmaurice families, it was their intention, if possible, not to expose his iniquities to public censure, now that he could sin no more. They determined, therefore, to have him privately buried in the old cemetery attached to the Abbey of ———, where many of his name and race had been interred before him.

With the crew of the smuggler, they knew not well what to do. The firing upon a King's ship, though no lives were lost, was a grave offence against the laws. Still, concerned as their relative was with them, it was painful to their generous natures to hand them over to the rigour of the law. The capture of the lugger and the death of O'Grady would completely disperse the gang.

Deeply anxious to release Aleen from her captivity, Colonel Granville could not rest till they got under weigh for Cape Clear. The wind had shifted and blew from the north,

which retarded their progress, as they had to double Dunmannus Head. They then stood along the coast for Cape Clear. But the wind fell, so that night had set in before the Tower on the Island could be seen; and the place being notorious for shoals and reefs of sunken rocks, the brig was hove to, and the long boat got out.

Colonel Granville, his brother, and half a dozen well-armed men, embarked; and, guided by an experienced pilot, pulled in amongst the Islands. It was rather a dark night; and without a pilot, well acquainted with the locality, it would have been impossible to get through the sunken reefs. Passing between several of the Islands, the eye, getting accustomed to the obscurity, began to distinguish objects more distinctly.

"I can see," said Colonel Granville, "the dark outlines of a tower on yonder high land. That must be Tower Island, or, as it is called, "Clara Island."

“Yes, your honour,” said the pilot, who heard the words, “that is the one; but there is an Island between us and Tower Island, which is a very lofty one. The little bay inside is sheltered from every wind, by this Island and the other without.”

“I have no doubt,” observed Captain Fitzmaurice, “that the lugger lay concealed in some of the creeks in this vicinity, which are numerous and extremely difficult of access, except at the top of spring tides. I was twice on this coast, intending to examine them; but every time heavy gales on the spring tides, and heavy seas, prevented me.”

“They seldom run for these inlets, your honor,” remarked the pilot, “except during spring tides; for though plenty of water is in the creeks, their entrance is only possible on the high springs.”

They had now pulled round, and ran into the little bay before Tower Island.

Colonel Granville felt his heart beat with anxiety as the boat's keel touched the strand. The cliffs appeared high and beetling. Leaving a couple of men to keep the boat afloat, they commenced searching for a path to the summit.

It was at that period that Dennis Mahony and his associate, the Dutch skipper, Tender-sink, rushed up the secret track and carried off, as related, Aleen and her maid Jessy. After groping about for a little while, one of the men found the path usually taken to reach the Tower. Up this they all went, and soon reached the front of the building. Just then the report of Mahony's pistol reached their ears.

"By Jove, some of the smugglers are below," said Captain Fitzmaurice, with a start. "I will go back with two or three of the men, while you, Gerald, force the door of the tower. The rascals may overpower our men in the boat, and seize her."

Extremely alarmed, Gerald Granville and O'Regan put their shoulders to the door, and burst it open. All was silent. O'Regan struck a light, and rushing through the room on the ground floor, they perceived the stairs leading to the upper rooms. Anticipating evil, from the perfect stillness around them, Colonel Granville rushed up stairs, pushed open the door, and entered Aleen's former place of confinement. With a distracted gaze, he looked round the little apartment. Several articles of women's dress lay upon the table; but Aleen, the dear object of his search, was gone.

"Curse the villains!" cried O'Regan; "they have carried them both off!" and without waiting for a word from his bewildered master, he darted down stairs and rapidly descended the rocks to the beach.

Completely staggered by this unexpected event, Sir Gerald, after searching the upper room, hastened after Dennis O'Regan. On

reaching the beach, he found his brother in a state of excitement, and the two men left with the boat, one with a cut over his temple, and the other with a pistol ball in his shoulder.

“ This comes of not keeping a good look-out,” said Captain Fitzmaurice, in a vexed tone to the wounded men. “ Were you not already hurt, you would incur punishment. You allow yourselves to be surprised and overpowered by two men carrying two women in their arms, though both of you were well armed with pistols and cutlasses. This is disgraceful.”

The men, who loved their commander well, felt his reproof much more than their hurts, and hung down their heads with shame and vexation.

“ What, in heaven’s name, is to be done ?” asked Colonel Granville, in an agitated tone. Then, addressing the wounded sailors, he in-

quired if they knew the men by whom they had been assailed, and whether William O'Grady was one of them.

"I do not know who they were, sir," was the reply. "One was a foreigner. I am certain of that, by his oaths. The other was a rough brute, and had a woman with him whom he called Brady. But if we had a boat, they could easily be caught. They can't pull that long boat, sir, above a couple of miles an hour with two oars."

Though feeling keenly his brother's sad disappointment, Captain Fitzmaurice had no other consolation to offer than that Mr. Haultight would undoubtedly send another boat in the morning, finding they did not return. "Besides," he added, "ten chances to one, they will see the long boat pulling out from the island, as they must pass tolerably close to the brig; and a sharp look-out will be sure to be kept. I perceive, moreover, there is a breeze

from the south-west rising, which will at once prevent the boat from gaining the land in that direction."

Colonel Granville was forced to exercise that most useful of virtues, patience, though suffering great anxiety. He was much puzzled in conjecturing where the two men, agents, of course, of William O'Grady, could possibly think of conveying Aleen. The risk she incurred in an open boat, also tormented his mind.

While the two brothers were conversing upon their want of forethought in leaving only two men to guard the boat, the sailors dispersed over the island to search for the caves where the smugglers must have been concealed. For a time, they were baffled in finding the caverns; and only by mere chance, one of them, in falling over a rock, discovered the narrow entrance.

On hearing this, Captain Fitzmaurice or-

dered a torch to be lighted; and then the whole party entered the large outward cavern. Here a large quantity of goods of all sorts and of considerable value was discovered. An immense stock of hollands and brandy was also stowed away in tiers.

“This is a seizure of some value,” said the Captain to his brother; “and must be looked after.”

Having examined both the outward and inward cavern, they returned to the Tower, to wait for daylight, and endeavour to signalize the brig. In rummaging the tower, O'Regan found it was well stored with food, wine, and spirits. Accustomed to attend to the Colonel's wants during his campaigns in Flanders, where his ingenuity often found his master a substantial repast when food was scarce, Dennis insisted on placing before the brothers a most excellent supper.

As to the Colonel, his thoughts were too

busy to allow him to feel inclined to eat. But, to induce Cuthbert Fitzmaurice to sit down, he drank a little wine, and partook of O'Regan's repast.

The night passed in conversation. Gerald briefly related the chief events of his life to his brother, who, thus acquainted with facts before unknown to him, became more deeply interested in the fate of Aleen.

Meanwhile, O'Regan took care of the sailors in the room below, and, before morning, was a prodigious favorite with them.

It was scarcely dawn, when the whole party in the tower were startled by the loud boom of a cannon from seaward.

"A gun from the brig!" exclaimed Captain Fitzmaurice, starting up; while the Colonel, without a word, ran to the window facing the sea.

Another, and then another report followed.

"By Heavens, there is something going on

outside !" ejaculated Sir Gerald to his brother, in great excitement. "I cannot see the brig—the light is yet weak."

But as the dawn increased in strength, objects some distance from the island were discerned ; and one of the sailors, with a shout, declared he caught a glimpse of the brig's gig, pulled by four men, turning the angle of the outward Island. The whole party then proceeded to the beach. A very few minutes after, the gig entered the little bay, with a midshipman sitting in the stern sheets at the helm.

As soon as her keel grated on the sand, Captain Fitzmaurice demanded of the youth what was the meaning of the firing, and whether they had seen the long boat.

The mid answered by saying that Lieutenant Haultight had discovered the long boat, almost before the dawn. The men who rowed her were forced to pass close to the brig ; for out-

side, the wind was fresh to the westward, and the boat pulled heavily under two oars. Having made her out with his glass, he suspected something wrong, and despatched the mid to the Island with the gig, while the brig was got under weigh to pursue the boat.

“Good God ! he did not surely fire at the boat ?” exclaimed Colonel Granville, with a distracted air.

“I don’t think that, sir,” replied the midshipman ; “but we cannot say why the gun was fired, as we were groping our way between the Islands at the time ; and a small range of high rocks shut the brig out from our view.”

“With your leave, Cuthbert, I will take the gig,” said Colonel Granville, “and pursue the boat. With six oars, and only two of us in the stern, she will row fast.”

“Do so, Gerald. I know your anxiety of mind must be great. I will signalize the brig

from the tower ; there's a whale boat on board still."

Taking his brother's cutlass and a brace of pistols, and followed by O'Regan, who provided himself with weapons, Gerald seated himself in the gig, which, impelled by six able-bodied seamen, flew over the still water. -

"Now, my lads," said the Colonel, "capture the long boat, and you shall have five hundred pounds between you."

A cheer, echoed from the high land, burst from the excited sailors, as the ash oars bent to their vigorous exertions.

"Be the immortal powers !" exclaimed O'Regan, looking at the priming of the pistols, "the boat flies. Only give me one pop at that rascal Phalim O'Toole, as he wanted to be called, and he'll scarcely eat his breakfast after it. It's him, and no other, and that jade, Brady."

"He will be wanted, Dennis," said the

Colonel; "therefore, do not throw away powder upon him. Let the pistols alone; we shall scarcely want to use them with only two men to contend with, even should we be so fortunate as to overtake them."

They soon emerged into open water after passing Hare Island. The dawn was clear and bright, with a smart breeze from the westward. Having passed the Island, they perceived the brig; when one of the men standing up, in the excitement of the moment, cried out—

"By Jabers, the brig's aground! she has her sails clewed up. She's on the bank off Long Island. Hurrah!" he added, "there's the long boat pulling heavily against this breeze for Blackcastle Bay. Hurrah!"

The man was right; the brig was fast upon a bank; but, fortunately, it was on the last hour of ebb tide; and, right ahead of the brig, was the long boat endeavouring to pull in for

the land against the breeze which ~~blue~~ partly from the shore. The water was tolerably smooth; for the westerly winds blew off that part of the coast, consequently the brig ran no risk—an hour or two's flood would float her.

The reason why the long boat, with our fair heroine and Jessy, had made so little progress during the night, was her getting aground on a shoal, in consequence of Mahony thinking to make a short cut between two small islands, and thus avoid a long pull against the wind with a heavy boat. Not being well acquainted with the locality, he became entangled amid the shoals, and a falling tide, and thus lost several hours; so that it was day-break before he contrived to get into open water.

In half-an-hour or less, Colonel Granville passed under the stern of the brig. The crew were busy getting an anchor out into deep

water, to warp her off the moment the tide made. Mr. Haultight stood ready to speak to them; and, when within hail, Colonel Granville briefly told him of their mishap, and requested him to send a boat for his commander.

“Curse the rascals!” growled the lieutenant. “I would have had them long ere this, but the tail of this confounded bank picked me up. But you will catch them long before they can reach the land. They are making for Black Castle Bay. I see a Dutch sloop coming out from Crookhaven, and steering for the boat—confederates, perhaps. Pull away, Colonel; no time to lose. Confound this bank! I would have sunk the rascals, only I saw women in the boat.”

Colonel Granville did not hear half the sentence, for the gig was pulling with might and main after the long boat. The island called Cape Clear lies a considerable distance from the

main land. Between it and the large island called Eniskerkin, are three small ones, called The Calves. A succession of islands, such as Hare Island, Long Island, Clara and Lamb Island, block up the mouths of several extensive bays and creeks. Behind some of these islands, there is excellent anchorage; the largest and best harbour is Crookhaven. From this latter creek, Colonel Granville could now perceive a large Dutch sloop, under full sail, steering towards the long boat.

This manœuvre of the Dutch galliote gave Colonel Granville considerable uneasiness. As he remembered that one of the men in the long boat was a foreigner, he at once conjectured he might be a Dutchman, and belong to the sloop they now beheld coming out of Crookhaven.

“Now, my men,” said our hero, “we must catch those fellows in the long-boat, before they can reach the sloop; or we shall have a trifle of odds against us.”

“Ay, ay, sir!” returned the men; bending to their oars till the spray flew from before the gig’s bow.

Leaving those in the gig in pursuit, we beg our readers to step on board the long-boat. The first words uttered by the two smugglers were curses at the slow way they made under two oars. The boat was capable of holding twenty men.

“Mine Gott!” muttered the Dutchman; “I would rather pull my vrow Katrine as dis d—— boat. If it blow hard, der teufel, we shall never reach de creek.”

“Let us pull between The Chickens and the Hen,” said Mahony, “instead of making round Eniskerkin. By so doing, we shall gain three miles to windward.”

“Ah! it’s goot. Pull away.”

And they *did* pull; but in their attempt to get between the ranges of sunken rocks, called The Chickens, they stuck fast; and, finally,

three hours of the night were spent in extricating themselves from a very embarrassing position. Thus, it was day-light when, rounding a small island, they perceived the brig on their larboard quarter, not more than two miles distant, lying to.

Though the brig was thus visible to them in the early morning light, they were themselves hidden by the mist that covered the surface of the water ; but, with the dawn, a breeze arose, which dispersed the haze and revealed them to the sharp eyes of Mr. Haultight.

“Ten thousand teufels!” growled the Dutchman ; “that cursed brig ! We shall be seen !”

Aleen heard the words, and immediately surmised that the brig mentioned was a King’s ship, and probably sent in pursuit of her abductors. Anxiously she turned her eyes in the direction where the vessel lay. The rising sun, at that moment, threw its early beams upon the white topsails of the brig, rendering

her distinctly visible and apparently quite close. Her heart beat with renewed hope.

“For surely,” thought she, “we shall be perceived.”

She could not understand the mystery of this, her second, abduction. It could scarcely be by order of William O’Grady. It then suddenly struck her that these two men were acting under a project of their own to obtain the money stipulated to be paid to their master.

Turning therefore towards Brady Mahony, Aleen said—

“If you are committing this outrage for the sake of gain, restore me to my family, or put me on board that brig, and you shall be paid your most exorbitant demands without inquiry. I pledge myself to that.”

“Faix, miss, it’s easy to pledge yourself, and I dare say you means what you say. But, as to putting you on board that brig, it’s more than our lives would be worth. She’s a man-of-war.

But you need not be afraid, for we wont injure you."

As Brady Mahony ceased speaking, the loud boom of a gun from the brig startled all in the boat. While the thunder of the report filled Aleen's mind with a feeling of hope, it had a very different effect upon the Dutch skipper, and Dennis Mahony. A succession of oaths and imprecations broke from the lips of the two men as they laboured hard at the oar, the long boat scarcely going ahead though the tide of ebb had made some turn.

Again the cannon from the King's cruizer pealed over the deep. Her anchor was up, her topsails were filled, and the next moment she was bending under the pressure of the breeze, and steering direct after the boat.

A fierce laugh broke from the lips of Dennis Mahony, as he watched the brig.

"Never heed her, Tendersink," said he; "by jabers, she will be a-ground in five minutes on the long shoal."

Even while he spoke, the brig, evidently perceiving her danger, went in stays; but, before she was well up in the wind, she took the ground.

A burst of merriment from the two men announced their joy, while poor Aleen's heart sank at this fresh misfortune.

"Mine Gott!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "Look you! Here's von d—— six-oared gig pulling out from the creek, and after us. Donner and blitzen, she'll catch us!" But the next moment he added, as he stood up and looked round, "Ha! ha! it's goot. Ten thousand teufels! Here's my old vrow Katarine standing out from Tre Castle Bay. All right now. Eight goot men on board; and a goot swivel if wanted."

"Then, by the powers! we'll dust their jackets for them," observed Dennis Mahony.

Still on came the gig dashing gallantly through the short seas, and casting the white spray over her sharp bows.

A cheer from the men on board the Dutch sloop as the heavy boat shot up along-side, shewed they understood the state of affairs. As to Aleen, she almost despaired, as, with a heavy heart, she ascended the deck of the Dutchman with her eyes fixed in intense anxiety on the gig which rapidly approached.

“Now, my hearties,” said Tendersink, in his native tongue, “just bring the swivel aft, and let it bear upon this boat. Stand by, and give them a dose if they attempt to board us after I speak them. That d—— brig is aground for the next three hours or more; for the tides are cutting; so no fear of her.”

Aleen stood holding by a back stay; and though she did not understand the words of the Dutch skipper, she understood very well the action of the men as they ran the swivel aft.

Though the sloop was at once put before the breeze, and the sheets slacked, the six-oared boat came up hand over hand. With a pistol

in his hand, Tendersink stood upon the taffrail, and, as the boat came within hearing, he shouted out—

“Pull another stroke nearer, and by Gott! I riddle your jackets.”

“Give way, my men,” vociferated Sir Gerald Granville as he stood up, cutlass in hand, while a wild shriek burst from the lips of Aleen as she recognised her lover, and then rushed to throw herself upon the man who was about to apply the match to the gun. But too late! A storm of grape tore up the water round the boat, shattering part of her gunnel, and wounding—happily slightly—two of the men. The next instant, the boat dashed along-side, and Colonel Granville sprang up over the bulwarks. As he did so, the Dutchman, with a curse, aimed his pistol at Gerald’s head; but Aleen, with a cry of agony, dashed his arm upwards. The ball knocked the colonel’s hat off, but the next instant a blow from his cutlass right on the

head of the Dutch skipper stretched him senseless upon the deck.

“By jabers, we have done it!” shouted Dennis Mahony, running forward to the men clustered in the bow, cowed by the supposed death of their skipper. “Now, lads, fight and be d—d, or you’ll all swing for this on a tight rope.”

But the men, as the four sailors, cutlass and pistol in hand, clambered over the sloop’s bulwarks, threw down their arms and went below.

“So there you are, at last, Mister Phalim O’Toole,” exclaimed Dennis O’Regan, with a mocking laugh, as he made a low bow to the enraged Mahony.

“Curse you! Take that, any how, though I swing for it,” roared Mahony, as, with savage energy, he aimed his pistol at O’Regan’s face.

But the weapon hung fire; and Dennis,

dropping his cutlass, with a laugh of derision, and clenching his powerful hand, dealt Mahony a blow in the face that would have felled an ox, saying—

“There, my beauty, is a taste of a weapon that never missed fire.”

This, Dennis Mahony at once acknowledged by measuring his length on the deck, bleeding profusely from mouth and nostril.

“Be gorra, that’s better than splitting your skull with a cutlass,” said O’Regan, eyeing the prostrate Mahony with evident satisfaction; “though, by the powers, I’ve closed your potatoe trap for a while.”

But where was Aleen Atherstone during this time? Clasped to the breast of her noble lover, and, tears of joy streaming from her eyes; she whispered in his ear—

“How thankful we ought to be, dear Gerald, to that Providence that rules all things! Even when giving way to despair, as I did, my deliverance was at hand. Ah, Gerald, my own

Gerald, we never have sufficient reliance on Divine power."

Pressing her to his heart, with inexpressible rapture, he said—

"Dear one ! we part no more."

Dennis O'Regan and two of the sailors had carried the bleeding Dutchman, and consigned him to the care of his crew and Mrs. Brady Mahony, who would not shew her face on deck, but kept below uttering bitter execrations against Dennis O'Regan.

The sailors of the brig had by this time got the sloop on her right course standing for the former vessel. The flood-tide was making, and the men were employed working her off the bank by anchors carried out from her.

"Well, sir," said Dennis, after congratulating Miss Atherstone in all the warmth and kindness of his heart—"well, sir, be me sowl, we have got Mr. Phalim O'Toole this time, and his better half too. Upon my conscience, she's

growling down below like a Russian bear. She has two pets to nurse now."

"Is that Dutch rascal hurt?" enquired the Colonel.

"Hurt, is it, your honour?" replied Dennis, with a curious smile, and rubbing his head; "musha, unless his skull had the property of a smith's anvil, it would have a poor chance of standing a blow from your honour's hand. It served him right, though it's an ugly gap to have in one's head. But he won't die of it this time."

CHAPTER X.

ON that night, so eventful and so full of peril to the future happiness of our heroine, William O'Grady proceeded from Tower Island to the main land. It was early dawn as his boat entered the little creek, that wound inland as far as the ruined Abbey of Mucross; leaving the men to go either back to the Island, or seek their own residences, which were not more than a couple of miles from where they landed, he himself proceeded to the Abbey.

An old woman, with a girl about seventeen years old, occupied two of the least dilapidated rooms in the old building. A patch of ground in the front held a few potatoes, onions, and cabbages; and, in a broken-down sty, dwelt a pig very musically inclined. The whole aspect of the place was ruinous and desolate in the extreme; and yet the Abbey stood on a spot where nature was lavish of her beauties.

William O'Grady entered the room where the old woman was employed puffing a turf-fire into existence. She turned round her head when she heard O'Grady's footsteps; and, seeing who it was, she said—

“Ah, musha, Captain dear, is that you so early?”

“Where is your son, Molly?” inquired William O'Grady.

“He will be here in a minute, acushla. I'm going to cook his breakfast. They meet at the Cross to-night.”

"No matter," said O'Grady, "he must go to Kenmare before night for me. Is there a horse in the paddock?"

"Sure, there's two, Captain," replied the old woman.

Just then, a stout, lounging, broad-shouldered peasant entered the room; and, seeing O'Grady, doffed a rimless hat, with a grin that evinced, if he had not brains, he had a mouth of considerable dimensions.

"Wirra, then, is it yourself, Captain, jewel?" said the clown.

"Here, Tim, is a job for you," returned O'Grady; "and one that you'll be well paid for," giving him, at the same time, a couple of guineas. "You must mount your pony, and go as fast as he can carry you to Kenmare, and leave these two letters at Atherstone Hall."

"Be gorra," replied Tim, "I'll be there and back by to-morrow, Captain."

"If you're there to-night, Tim," urged

O'Grady, "you can take your time back. But, before you go, saddle me the horse in the paddock."

"Long life and glory to you, Captain. It'll be ready in a jiffy. Will your honour be here to-morrow?"

"Perhaps; at all events, the next day."

In less than half an hour, O'Grady mounted the horse which Tim had saddled for him, and took a road across the country well known to him.

At the end of three hour's sharp riding, he pulled up before the front of a very commodious farm. Though the house and out-offices were good, and the garden in the rear neat and tidy, such was not the case with the surrounding land, than which nothing could be more desolate or neglected. A wide and furze-covered moor lay right before the house; and, winding through it, was a narrow inlet of the sea, with high, muddy banks. Behind the

house, were several pasture fields, with broken fences; while here and there were seen a few half-starved, small Kerry cows dejectedly grazing on the scanty herbage.

Altogether, there was a strange contrast between the good, substantial house and neat garden, and the uninviting and ill-kept land encircling it. After a slight investigation, any beholder would be very much inclined to believe that the owner of the property had a much more profitable mode of employing his time than in cultivating the dirty acres around him.

As William O'Grady halted his horse at the door, there came forth a fat, jovial-looking man, about sixty years of age. He looked hale and hearty, and seemed to be enjoying a pipe, from which he puffed large volumes of smoke.

On seeing William O'Grady, the pipe almost dropped from his mouth; and though he

looked astonished, he was evidently much pleased. Holding out his hand, he said—

“Well, you’re welcome back, any how, Captain; but, indeed, we did not expect to see you again.”

“Nevertheless, here I am, Comerford,” replied William O’Grady, with a serious expression on his features, and shaking the owner of the house heartily by the hand. “How is the mistress and——.” He slightly hesitated, and then added, “And Grace?”

“All hearty, William, all hearty.”

“Well, Comerford,” resumed O’Grady, rousing himself from a reverie he was falling into, and looking round as a boy came up and took the horse—“I cannot compliment you on the improvement of your farm.”

“No, faix,” returned the farmer, with a jolly laugh, shaking his fat sides; “it’s a poor trade grubbing such earth as surrounds us here. It wouldn’t do to make the pot boil—eh, William?”

However, it's a good blind. But, come in. You'll find your room in *statu ho*, as Father Murphy says."

While entering the house, Comerford whispered to his visitor—

"All Tendersink's cargo is stowed away, safe and sound. They thought to catch the old Dutchman and his vrow Katrine; but all they found was rotten Dutch herrings and villanous cheese. Old Tendersink himself was, as Father Murphy says, *non east*. Ay, upon my soul, and *non west* too, if they knew all."

Mr. Comerford was remarkably fond of catching all the Latin scraps that fell from a priest who often paid him a visit, having the care of his soul. The said worthy priest had a strong predilection for something warm; and, as whiskey somehow abounded in Mr. Comerford's farm, Father Murphy took excellent care of the souls of the whole family.

On entering the large and handsome kitchen, Mr. O'Grady was cordially greeted by a very buxom dame, some ten or twelve years younger than her spouse; while a young woman, about three-and-twenty years of age, seated near a window, working with her needle, half rose from her seat, with a face the colour of scarlet, and dark eyes flashing with excitement.

Shaking hands with Mrs. Comerford, O'Grady turned round, and his eyes met those of Grace Comerford, whose head drooped, and the thick, natural curls of her hair fell over, and half-concealed her flushed cheek, as she rose and displayed, in her plain, neat dress, as beautiful and graceful a figure as any in that land of bright female eyes and kind female hearts.

William O'Grady passed on through the kitchen, like one well-accustomed to the place, and, ascending a flight of stairs, opened a door, and entered a neatly-furnished room. Over the chimney hung a handsome fowling-piece

and a brace of pistols, all bright and clean. The fowling-piece was the identical one that betrayed him to Aleen Atherstone in the boat. On neat shelves were ranges of books. Some bold and well-executed coloured sketches also hung against the walls.

William O'Grady stood for a moment in deep thought, and, with folded arms, gazing vacantly before him. A deep sigh escaped his lips, and he lifted his hand to his brow.

But at that moment, a soft, trembling hand was laid upon his shoulder; and a sweet voice whispered in his ear, "William!"

O'Grady turned slowly round, and his eyes again met those of Grace Comerford; but hers were now full of tears, which ran down her cheek unchecked.

O'Grady's voice faltered as, gently passing his arm round Grace's waist, he said—

"Can you forgive and love me still, Grace? Do so, I implore you, and the future shall atone for the past."

“Can I! Oh, William!” faltered the poor girl, “a heart that once loves truly, always loves. But—”

“Nay, Grace,” interrupted O’Grady, “sit down and hear me. I’m an altered man.”

What passed between sweet Grace Comerford and her lover we must leave untold; but we will explain what may appear somewhat obscure to our readers.

Ostensibly, Mr. Comerford was a farmer, and had purchased the land and house wherein he dwelt. The latter was in an unfinished state. The creek that came up within a hundred yards of the house communicated with one of the best pools on the coast for smuggling purposes. It was sheltered from all winds. Beneath the house were secretly constructed a range of vaults, into which all kinds of contraband goods were conveyed, and afterwards distributed over the country. Mr. Comerford was not always concerned in this unlawful and

dangerous trade—for trade it was in the reigns of Anne and George I. Comerford had begun life a highly respectable tradesman, and married well. He gave to his daughter an education and accomplishments far above her class. Grace, in many ways, was superior to her station. When she was about fifteen years of age, a series of misfortunes occurred to Mr. Comerford in his business, which greatly affected his temper and disposition. He speculated rashly; accepted bills; and, finally, became bankrupt. He then went to reside in a small cottage near Bandon, where he first became acquainted with the Fenwicks, under which name alone he knew the O'Gradys during several years. With the elder Fenwick he readily joined in smuggling transactions; and, having unfortunately given way to drink, conscience, despite the advice of his simple-hearted wife and the tears of his daughter, slumbered; and in four years he became

strongly attached to the wild and reckless life of a contraband dealer.

Grace was about eighteen when she first became acquainted with William O'Grady. It is quite unnecessary to trace the course of their love, for William O'Grady at one time most assuredly loved the gentle girl, who did all she could to wean him from his dangerous career. But in vain. Let us, nevertheless, do justice to William O'Grady. In his affection for poor Grace, he never sought either to undermine her virtue, or deceive her in any way. To her he was William O'Grady from the beginning of their love. But when the time came that he actually gained the Granville property, then it was that wealth and ambition banished poor Grace from his heart. During that period Mr. Comerford again prospered; and, to suit the views of the gang, he purchased the house and farm in which we have introduced him to the reader.

After William O'Grady's downfall and loss of the Granville estates, he returned and took up his abode at the Comerford's. Grace was induced to pardon her wayward lover, because he vowed that, though ambition had dazzled and misled him, still he was never unfaithful to her. What will not love believe? Grace believed and forgave him.

It was from Mr. Comerford's that William O'Grady went to Atherstone Hall with a half-formed plan in his head ; and, being fascinated, and blinded to consequences by the loveliness of Aleen Atherstone, he entertained the idea of gaining her hand. When, at length, his violent and passionate nature was roused into activity by her scorn of his proffered love, he resolved to carry her off, as we have seen.

Grace Comerford discovered this outrage committed by her faithless lover ; and, with a breaking heart, she resolved never to see him more.

Such was the posture of affairs, when O'Grady's sudden return to the farm astonished all its inmates, Grace especially.

For several hours, O'Grady and Grace Comerford sat in earnest and deep converse. At times, it was somewhat stormy, and Grace shed many tears. At last, O'Grady rose up, and, kissing the pale cheek of the maiden, said, solemnly—

“I will do it, so help me God!”

“Then, God bless you, William,” she fervently exclaimed, as he left the room. “With the blessing of Providence, in another land, and in purer pursuits, we may be happy yet.”

To the great astonishment of Mr. Comerford, William O'Grady descended into the kitchen, and shaking the old man's hand, said—

“I have not time now to explain; but Grace will tell you all.”

In five minutes more, he had remounted his

horse, and rode rapidly away. It was dark night as he pulled up his weary steed at the door of a well-known and excellent inn, standing on the borders of the Glengarriff Lakes. This inn was much frequented, in the summer seasons, even in George the First's reign ; for nothing—not even Killarney—can exceed the beauty of those lakes and islands. Giving his horse to the ostler, O'Grady entered the inn, and ordered supper and a bottle of claret—for good claret was to be had in those days in road-side inns.

Having sat down to the only meal he had eaten that day, he remained, to a late hour of the night, in profound thought ; and then retired to rest.

CHAPTER XI.

ON the following day, about two hours after noon, a gentleman, followed by a single attendant, rode into the court-yard of the Inn, where William O'Grady had passed the night.

Sir Gerald Granville, for he it was, and his constant follower O'Regan, dismounted from their horses. The Colonel entered, and asked the landlord, who knew his guest, whether a person of the name of Williams was in the house.

"Yes, Sir Gerald," replied the host. "He arrived here late last night. He is above. Shall I announce you, sir?"

"No," said Sir Gerald. "Just show me the room."

In a few minutes, Sir Gerald stood at the door.

"That will do, Mr. Gilmer," said he, "I will announce myself."

The landlord bowed and retired.

The Colonel then opened the door and entered the room.

William O'Grady had seen his cousin ride into the court-yard of the inn. He knew him at once. His cheek flushed, and a feeling of shame and humiliation came over him. But he recollected his words to Grace Comerford, "I will do it."

As the Colonel entered the room, O'Grady stood with a cheek somewhat pale it is true, but with a steady unshrinking determination.

He had resolved never to meet his injured cousin, but to make Mr. Comerford his deputy. Grace, however, had won him to the only act which, she said, could mitigate Sir Gerald's feelings of resentment against him. Sir Gerald had received William O'Grady's epistle the day after his return to Atherstone Hall with his overjoyed Aleen. On reading both letters, he at once resolved to meet O'Grady's agent, Williams, at the inn at Glengarriff, and endeavour to prevail upon him to procure him a meeting with his misguided cousin. At times, it struck him, as he rode to the place of meeting, that this same Williams might, after all, be William O'Grady himself; and, on entering the room, he saw, at a glance, that he was right in his conjecture; and that William O'Grady stood before him. He recollected that, as yet, the son could not know of his father's miserable end; therefore the task before him would be a painful one.

“William,” said the Colonel, in his kind and mellow voice, and holding out his hand—“let the past be forgotten, as it is forgiven. I offer you my hand, with every desire in my heart to heal the wounds I must inflict; and to give you every reparation in my power in compensation for those rights you consider yourself deprived of.”

Mastering the deep emotion that almost rendered him unable to speak, William O’Grady gazed upon the noble form and fine features of the colonel, for a moment, in silence.

At length, in a tremulous voice, he said—

“I am not worthy, Sir Gerald Granville, to take the hand you so generously offer me. I have cruelly wronged you, and committed an unmanly and unpardonable outrage. To say that I now deeply repent the act, and that I came here with the determination to repair my error and my crime, by unconditionally restor-

ing to you one dearer to you than your own life, and to bid you and this country farewell for ever—is, after all, a poor atonement.”

“Then, William,” said the Colonel, in a tone of surprise, “you are ignorant of the events of the last few days.” And a painful feeling pervading his mind, caused his features to assume an extremely melancholy expression.

“What then has occurred?” asked William O’Grady, turning very pale, as he looked anxiously in his cousin’s face.

Sir Gerald Granville thought a moment and then said—

“I see, William, that you are ignorant of the restoration of Miss Atherstone to her home, and of the capture of The Warhawk.”

“Merciful heaven, my father!” exclaimed William O’Grady, in a tone of real anguish, and sinking down into a chair. “Say the worst at once, Gerald. He is taken; perhaps dead!”

"Such, William, I grieve to say, is the lamentable truth," returned the Colonel, seating himself beside his cousin, and taking his hand and pressing it in an affectionate manner. "You suffer, William, at this intelligence," continued he; "but it is better he should have died as he did, than fall into the hands of the government."

William O'Grady buried his face in his hands, and thus, for several moments, he remained. Though wild, lawless, and of passionate impulses, William O'Grady truly loved his father. He had steeped himself in crime for him, and perilled soul and body. And now, with all his errors on his head, the father to whom he had clung, had died a death of violence!

Looking up with a pale and haggard face, strangely changed in those brief moments of bitter grief and repentance, he laid his hand upon his cousin's saying—

“Gerald, you saved this worthless life when a boy. Oh, would to God you had let me perish then, innocent at least of crime !”

“Talk not of the past, William,” interrupted Sir Gerald, “for it cannot be undone ; and it is not good to lament over acts not to be recalled, when youth and strength and energy is still left us, by the mercy of Providence, to act and sin no more. I have still to thank and bless you, that, with the power in your hand to crush and blast my happiness for ever, the better feelings of your heart prevailed. Now, hear how all this occurred. Every thing has been done for your father’s remains that the most affectionate son could do. They were privately conveyed and buried in the churchyard of —, where many of his name and race are turned to dust.”

William O’Grady then listened calmly and resignedly to his cousin’s account of the event of Aleen’s release, the death of his father, and

the capture of the Warhawk ; and also the discovery of Cuthbert Fitzmaurice.

“As to the crew of the Warhawk,” continued the Colonel, “as it would not be acting with justice to our country to let loose so many lawless men upon society, they have all been sent aboard King’s ships. The Warhawk not being condemned as a smuggler, I have proposed to purchase her. Now listen to me calmly, William. For you to live in this country after what has passed, is impossible. Owing to a combination of circumstances, you have unquestionably been deprived of certain rights.”

“Oh, for God’s sake, Gerald,” anxiously interrupted O’Grady, “name not again that wretched, miserable subject, the cause of all our crimes and sorrows.”

“Nay, William, I will not pain you unnecessarily ; but, in strict justice to the noble dead, let me say the little I intended. When

our noble and generous uncle, Sir Hugh Granville, broke the entail, he was not aware that any other claimant than myself existed to the property. My brother Cuthbert was considered lost for ever, if not dead. When you were considered to be my lost brother, Sir Hugh made an addition to his will, of considerable importance. I need not say, William, why that will was destroyed. Now, knowing my uncle's sentiments, and that it was his earnest wish to provide for you, I simply wish to perform an act of justice, for you are the eldest nephew. I offer you, therefore, the sum you —"

"Never, Gerald, never!" passionately interrupted William O'Grady, pressing his cousin's hand with much emotion. "What! would you have me accept wealth that was attempted to be extorted by a cruel, unmanly outrage? No, no, Gerald; that money would poison my very existence. I would fain try,

in the new world, what my own endeavours, exerted in a right way, will do to establish an independence which I can enjoy without a feeling of shame attached to it. If, therefore, you can shield me, for a time, from the offended laws of my country, I shall be able, very shortly, to leave this land for ever. I have won the affection of a humble, but good and virtuous girl. I have promised to marry her and sail with her and her family for America. Now the wish of her heart is, that you and your brother would witness this marriage ; and she trusts in God that my future career may atone for the errors of the past."

That night, the cousins sat to a late hour, conversing earnestly but calmly ; till, finally, the Colonel gained O'Grady's consent to let him manage all matters relative to his departure for America, and his marriage with Grace Comerford.

The following day, the cousins embraced most affectionately. The Colonel mounted his horse to return to Atherstone Hall, while William O'Grady set out for Mr. Comerford's, to remain quiet till he heard from Sir Gerald.

A few words are necessary here to elucidate the scene just described.

After releasing Aleen from the hands of the Dutch skipper, Tendersink, the Colonel took his recovered treasure on board the brig, which, by that time, had warped off the bank, and Mr. Haultight, who, while aground, suffered the most intense anxiety, received Sir Gerald Granville and Miss Atherstone with unmingled delight; for, having seen the boat with the female reach the side of the Dutch sloop, he got alarmed, thinking the gig would be unable to come up with her.

The boat was then sent for his commander, and, before two hours had expired, the brig

was under weigh for Kenmare, Captain Fitzmaurice having put twenty men and an officer on board the Dutch sloop to take care of her and the stores in the cave till he could send one of the cutters round to secure them.

To describe the rapture of Mrs. Atherstone, when, on the following day, she received her happy daughter in her arms, is beyond our power. The whole country round seemed equally to rejoice—congratulations poured in from all sides. Bonfires were lighted by the tenantry all round the hall; and feasting and revelry occupied all parties for the next twenty-four hours.

It was on the day following that on which Aleen had returned to Atherstone Hall that Colonel Granville received the letters sent by William O'Grady. The Colonel was prepared for these letters, for Aleen stated every particular of her capture and treatment while in

the tower; so that our hero was extremely willing to forgive, for many reasons, his misguided cousin; and, accordingly, set out with O'Regan, determined, if possible, to procure an interview with William O'Grady himself.

The result of that interview has been related.

The Colonel now returned to Atherstone Hall, where he found his brother Cuthbert, with whom he agreed that it would be better, before the commencement of any proceedings to prove Cuthbert's birth and claims to the Fitzmaurice property, to witness William O'Grady's marriage with Grace Comerford, and see the couple depart for America.

With a little management, and exerting some interest, Colonel Granville contrived to purchase The Warhawk, and at once had her re-fitted and rigged as a schooner, and then stored with all necessaries for a voyage to New York. There was no difficulty in finding ten smart

hands to sail in her ; and when everything was ready, she sailed for the Bay of Killmas, a lonely but beautiful cove to the eastward of The Mizen Head.

CONCLUSION.

It was on the last day of October, and a fair and beautiful day it was for the season of the year, that a remarkably beautiful schooner of 180 tons, might be seen riding at single anchor in the secluded bay of Kilbonas. Her mainsail was set, and her three topsails were hoisted and braced sharp to the wind, which blew from the land a pleasant sailing breeze. Her jib lay ready for hoisting upon the jib-boom, and several sailors stood in the bows to heave up

her anchor. Along-side the schooner, was a six-oared whale-boat, with her crew, evidently waiting for some persons on board the schooner to take ashore.

Presently Sir Gerald Granville and Captain Fitzmaurice came up from the cabin of the schooner, followed by Grace O'Grady leaning on the arm of her husband. Tears were in the beautiful eyes of Grace ; but a smile of happiness was upon her lip as she looked up into the handsome, but very serious features of her husband. As the brothers were leaving the vessel, they pressed a kiss upon the bride's cheek, and returned the pressure of her trembling hand with sincere affection.

William O'Grady could not speak ; but it was evident that he shed tears, and his hand shook with great emotion as it rested, for the last time, in the hand of his noble and generous cousin.

“ God bless you, William,” said Sir Gerald

Granville, in a low, emphatic voice, as he descended the side. "Remember! With faith and truth, and the blessing of Almighty God, you will, I feel satisfied, recover your peace of mind; and with self-esteem, you and your fair and virtuous wife, will become happy and prosperous. Farewell, farewell!"

The oars fell on the water, and the whale-boat receded from the side of the schooner.

The anchor was now weighed with the cheering "Heave, ho!" of the crew; the jib was hoisted, and the graceful vessel wore round till her topsail filled, and then rapidly gathered way. A white kerchief was waved from the deck, and replied to from the whale-boat.

Swiftly sailed the schooner from the bay; and when the sun dipped behind the ocean-wave, not a sign of her was visible. This was the last that was ever seen on the shores of Ireland of the once notorious Warhawk.

Sir Gerald and his brother had, according to promise, witnessed the wedding of Grace Comerford and William O'Grady, who were married in the romantically situated chapel near Mucross Abbey, by the Parish Priest, both being of the church of Rome.

As he kissed the fair brow of the bride, our hero presented her a casket, richly inlaid, saying—

“ You must promise me, dear Grace, that you will not open this casket till the shores of your native land have faded from your sight. My future bride has placed within it a portrait of herself, and bade me say, that, from her heart, she wishes you may henceforth know no sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Comerford accompanied their daughter and her husband on board the schooner, which was to carry them all to a new world. They willingly surrendered their ill-gained stores; for Sir Gerald took good

care to provide them, unknown to William O'Grady, with ample means to live comfortably in their old age.

One fine evening, some five or six days after leaving the shores of Ireland, Grace O'Grady took the casket, the gift of the generous Baronet, and opened it in the presence of her husband. First, she opened the case, containing the portrait of Aleen Atherstone, and long she gazed on that exquisitely lovely face, thinking better of her once wayward husband, when she considered that he had the resolution, and the heart, to forego a project that would for ever have blighted the hearts of those who had acted so nobly towards them. The casket also contained a case of beautiful jewels, and in it was a letter from Sir Gerald, on opening which, a paper fell upon the floor of the cabin. William O'Grady raised the document, and then, with a flushed cheek, he perceived it was an order from a

London Banker, on a mercantile house in New York, for thirty thousand pounds.

As he stood with the order in his hand, buried in deep thought, tears were rolling down the cheeks of Grace, while she read Sir Gerald's letter. Looking up into her husband's face, and laying her hand on his, she whispered—

“He implores me, William, not to cloud his otherwise happy prospects by refusing this small sum to put aside, should God give us a family to bring up, in a good and righteous way; and begging us if—.” She faltered a little as she added, “we were blessed with a boy to call him Gerald.”

William kissed the tears from his wife's cheek, and, in a more cheerful voice, said—

“Be it so, dear Grace, if Providence does so bless us; and I trust, in his mercy, that the sins of the father may not be visited on his children.”

Six months after the departure of the O'Gradys for America, Granville Castle became the scene of great rejoicing, for Sir Gerald returned to the home of his ancestors with his young and beautiful bride. Dennis O'Regan was at the summit of his glory. It was afterwards remarked that, for several weeks after the feasting and carousing had finished, not a pint of whiskey could be sold within four miles of Granville Castle, the very smell of it created a head-ache.

Not one of the guests at Granville Castle appeared in more exuberant spirits than our worthy lawyer, Mr. Briefless; and, for several days afterwards, his discreet housekeeper declared that her worthy master had positively lost his senses, and only recovered them on the day he changed her name of Silvertongue into that of Briefless.

Sir Gerald Granville found no difficulty, backed by the great interest he could command, in reinstating his brother Cuthbert

in the forfeited estates of the Fitzmaurices, the attainder being reversed in his favour. As to his birth, they found no difficulty in clearly proving that before a competent court.

Dennis Mahony and his wife, on a promise of a pardon, and a sum sufficient to carry them to a British colony, came forward and greatly helped to establish the important point.

Through the interest of the two brothers, Lieutenant Haultight was made a Captain, and took the command of the brig that captured *The Warhawk*.

Cuthbert Fitzmaurice did not quit the service: he highly distinguished himself during the war, and rose to the rank of Admiral. But, long before that period, he married a lady of great beauty and rank, and, what was far better, singularly amiable and domesticated.

Some months after Aleen's marriage, she

received a long letter from her uncle, Ulick O'Connor, as also did Mrs. Atherstone. Both these epistles were written in kind and affectionate terms. O'Connor stated that he had had a marvellous escape after being taken in The Salisbury, and that he had succeeded in getting safely to France. He declared that the whole expedition was miserably mismanaged. But whatever might be his own political disappointments and suffering, he rejoiced in Aleen's happiness, and hoped yet to see her in his native land ; for he still looked forward to the restoration of Charles Edward to the throne of his ancestors.

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